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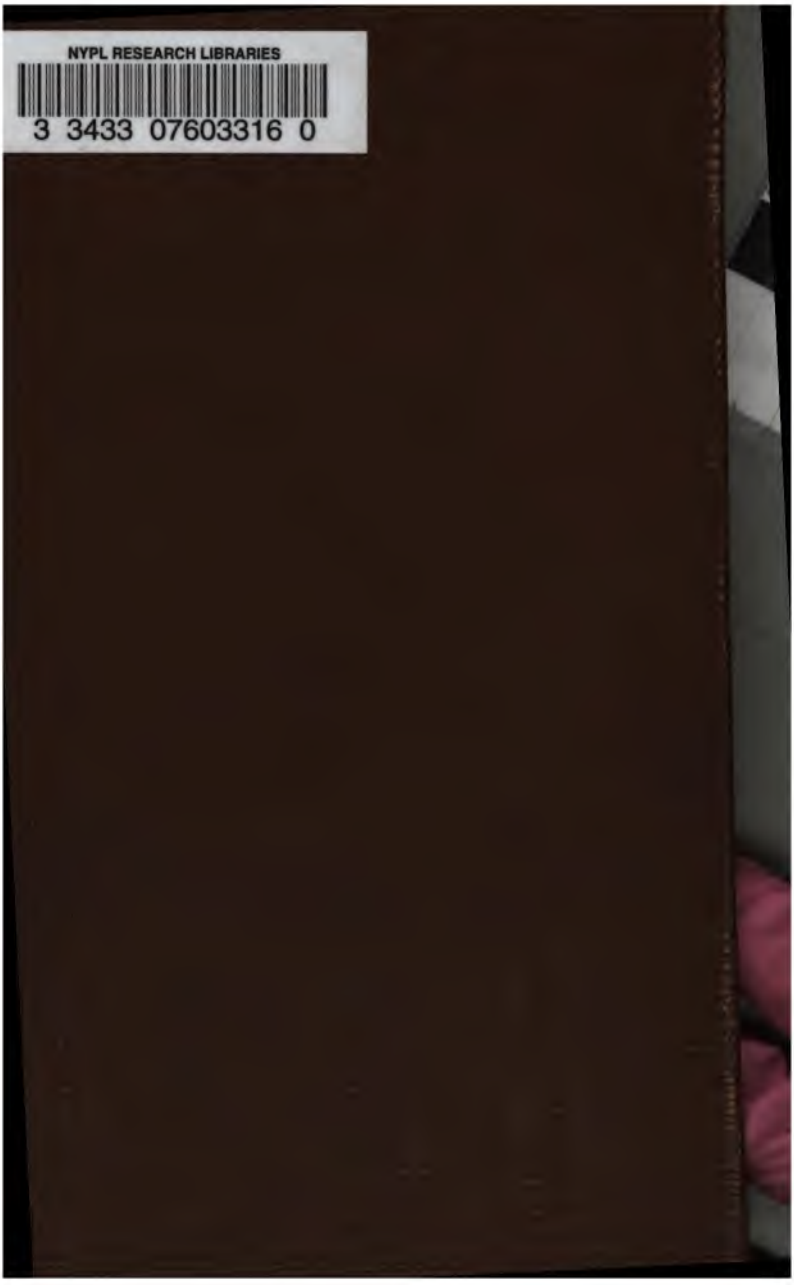
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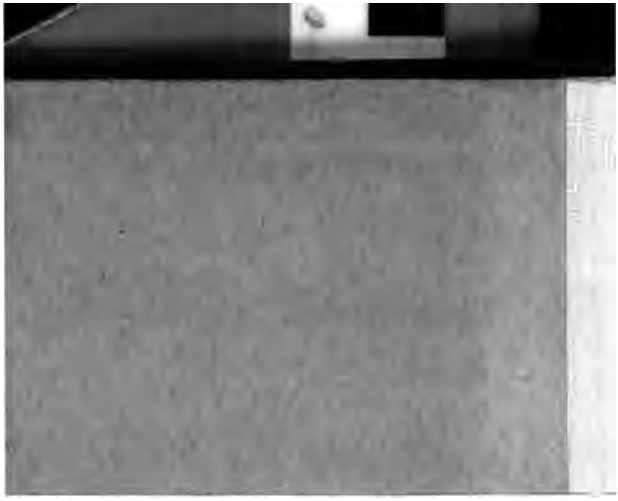

34,

Presented by

Major S. T. Armstrong

to the

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POEMS,

ON

DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT

OF A

FAMILY TOUR TO THE WEST;

IN THE YEAR, 1800.

IN A

LETTER TO A LADY.

By SALLY HASTINGS.

Celestial Guide, inspire my artless Song,
To warm the Lan[illegible]id, and instruct the Young;
From Error, to pr[illegible]ect the op'ning Mind,
And point the path to Happiness refin'd;
To wake the Pious, win the careless Heart,
And Pleasure, with Improvement, to impart.
Aid me, aright, to speak thy hallowed Name;
Nor let my rash presumptuous Pen blaspheme.
Aid me to dress fair Truth in Fancy's guise:
The Truths I sing, aid me to realize.
Inspire each Thought, each Sentiment refine;
Live in each Page, preside o'er ev'ry Line;
Adorn my Muse with Grace and Love divine.

LANCASTER,

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ERRATUM.

Page 132, line 8, for 'flaming,' read *flamm'ring*.

TO THE PUBLIC.

SOME aſk me if my numbers flow
Spontaneous from my pen;
Or, if the fickle Muſe I woo
By curious art, by ſtrength ſubdue,
'Or labor of the brain.'

What ſhall I ſay? Why, ſtate the caſe
In whimſical diſguiſe:
Sometimes my winged Pegaſus
As ſwift as Cupid's arrow flies,
And curb and rein defies.

Sometimes he takes his ſoaring flight,
To high Parnaſſus' top:
When rais'd to ſuch a giddy height,
My ſhallow pate grows wond'rous light,
And down, alas! I drop.

Again, he is both dull and ſlow,
And moves with ſolemn ſtate:
His ſkimming wings glide ſmoothly through;
He ſoars not, ſinks not, high or low;
But ſeems to carry weight.

Sometimes, again, the ſtupid ſteed
Will hardly fly at all:
I mount then, without fear or dread;
For, prudent folks have wiſely ſaid,
'Low fliers ſeldom fall.'

Again, I have to tug the rein,
To make him mend his gait:
The reaſon why, I 'll tell you plain,
His feeble wings can ſcarce ſuſtain,
My intellectual weight.

You ſee now what a wayward ride,
We airy riders get:
Yet gallop on, whate'er betide;
Tho' wiſe folks frown, and Witlings chide,
And Critics overſet.

O let my weak ideal race,
Your mercy ſhare, I pray:
'Twill help their feeble nerves to brace;
For favor, more than ſtrength or grace,
Doth wreath the Poet's bay.

My gen'rous Patrons interfere,
I pray, in my behalf:
Then let the Hypercritic ſneer,
And Dullneſs frown, and Envy jeer,
And half-form'd Witlings laugh.

TO CRITICS.

PRAY, learned Critic, don't in haſte
The little Warbler fright:
If ſhe 's at your tribunal caſt,
'Twill diſconcert her quite.

She makes no doubt, the man of books
Will many faults detect;
In grammar, and in 'hooks and crooks,'
Will call her incorrect.

But, Gentlemen, ſhe tells you true,
Her Learning, in its prime,
Is juſt to read her Bible through,
And write a ſorry Rhyme.

Do not condemn her ruſtic lay,
For want of brilliant wit;
'For Iſrael's King to hunt a flea,'
Cannot be very fit.

Thoſe ſoaring Geniuſes, which fly
To high Parnaſſus' top,
Some people think, when rais'd ſo high,
Do not know where to ſtop.

Imagination is ſo bright,
And fancy ſo refin'd,
That oft, their Pegaſean flight
Leaves ſenſe and truth behind.

Kind Nature, like a matron wiſe,
Her favors doth impart;
In heads of ſome, their talent lies,
Of others, in their heart.

A favor'd few, the partial dame
Adorns above the reſt;
Fair ſcience poliſhes the gem
Of genius, in their breaſt.

Yet theſe are prodigies, I gueſs,
Which ſeldom bleſs our ſight;
Tho' 'tis by them, your knowing claſs
Determine what is right.

The little Novice, who accoſts
Your hearts, with wiſdom fraught,
No genius owns, no ſcience boaſts,
But what affliction taught.

Juſt in the op'ning bud of youth,
The iron hand of fate,
Did cruſh her intellectual growth,
With more than ten-fold weight.

Secluded in an infant land,
Immers'd in houſehold care,
Her tender wings could not expand,
Nor mental organs clear.

Sometimes ſhe tri'd her native lay,
In verſe, untaught by art,
To chaſe the anxious cares away,
Which rankled in her heart.

No wild ambition e'er indites,
No rage for whiſtling fame,
Inſpires the ſimple ſong ſhe writes;
Nor mercenary aim.

She ſings, becauſe her numbers do
Spontaneous fill her brain;
Which, leſt her ſcull ſhould overflow,
She ſhallows by her pen.

The man of parts, the man of none,
May here amuſement find.
If he has wit, diſplay his own:
If none, why ſtudy mine?

Thoſe who on ſolid learning feed,
By ancient wiſdom dreſt,
A lighter fare do ſometimes need,
To help them to digeſt.

You that have ſenſe and genius too,
By ſcience poliſh'd bright;
She means to be a foil to you—
Contraſts ſometimes delight.

Thoſe who aſſert, 'that Nature can't
Inſpire a Poet's Song,'
May here ſelect an argument,
To prove their theſis wrong.

Obſerve, I pray, this ſimple verſe
Harmoniouſly employs
Time, talents, papermill, and preſs;
The *learned*, dull, and wiſe.

Be gen'rous then, and don't condemn,
  Or call the Muſe a fool;
Becauſe not poliſh'd like a gem,
  Nor twenty years at ſchool.

A PRIVATE PRAYER.

JEHOVAH, great eternal God,
Immutable——yea, far
Beyond the utmoſt ſtretch of thought,
Thy vaſt perfections are.

The angel and arch-angel choirs,
Before thy throne do bend;
Cherubic and ſeraphic fires
Upon thy ſtate attend.

Yea, all the glorious hoſt on high,
Before thee proſtrate fall;
And holy, holy, holy, thee
Lord God Almighty call.

Thou art, indeed, of purer eyes,
Than vanity to ſee;
And all things ſinful, or unwiſe,
Abhorred are by thee.

E'en thoſe bright eſſences on high,
Which in thy preſence ſhine;
How tarniſh'd all their purity,
When once compar'd with thine!

Thou deem'ſt it poſſible that they
May into folly run:
What then am I? A ſinner; yea,
A ſinner, Lord, undone:

For, ever ſince, within my heart,
The vital ſpirit mov'd,
Still to rebel, and far depart
From thy pure Law, I lov'd.

How then, within thy preſence here,
O Lord, approach ſhall I!
Or how, in judgment, ſhall appear,
Before thy throne on high!

Shall I burnt off'rings bring with me,
Of calves, which tender are;
Or ſhall I, for my ſin, to thee
My infant offſpring ſpare?

Will ſeas of oil, or bullocks ſlain,
Or goats and fatlings' blood,
Reſtore my wand'ring ſoul again;
Or pleaſe a holy God?

If I, one ſoul from ſin to turn,
Should land and ſea explore;
Or give my fleſh, in flames to burn,
My goods to feed the poor:

Such vain oblations thou wouldſt ſlight;
Such fooliſh zeal deſpiſe:
Nor can th' infinite God delight
In human ſacrifice!

How ſhall I 'ſcape thy righteous blow;
Thy vengeance whither fly:
Where, from thy injur'd preſence go;
Or where elude thy eye?

If I aſcend to Heaven's height,
Thy preſence there doth ſhine,
Enthron'd in dazzling glory bright,
And majeſty divine.

In radient myriads round thee ſtand,
The flaming ſons of day;
Waiting to catch thy leaſt command,
And quick as thought obey.

If I deſcend Hell's diſmal gloom;
Behold, I meet thee there,
Inflicting thy moſt righteous doom
On ſpirits of deſpair.

If I ſhould take my morning flight,
Beyond the diſtant ſea,
And, rapid as a ray of light,
Tranſport myſelf away:

E'en there, O Lord, thy ſov'reign pow'r,
Thy right hand would atteſt,
And hold the trembling captive ſure,
Thy juſtice did arreſt.

What ſhall I render unto thee,
O Thou, who doſt obſerve,
The ſon's of men, who far away
Do from thy precepts ſwerve?

I nothing am, but vanity,
I nothing have, but ſin;
In thought, and word, and deed, have I
Broke ev'ry law of thine.

How then, to plead my cauſe with thee,
O Lord, ſhall I begin?
I am in grief and miſery,
And overwhelm'd in ſin.

Obnoxious to thy ſtroke of wrath,
O Lord, I am become;
And thy vindictive juſtice hath
Pronounc'd my awful doom.

Thy fix'd degree, thy counſel wiſe,
Thy pow'r, who dares diſpute?
Redemption, now can man deviſe;
Can angel execute?

But things impoſſible, unknown,
To finite wiſdom ſeal'd;
Thoſe wonders, love divine has done,
Mercy and grace reveal'd.

Ev'n Jeſus, thy coequal Son,
Did execute this plan;
And join'd our nature to his own;
The Godhead to the man:

And did his native Heav'n forego,
Where ſeraphims adore;
Enter'd our world of ſin and woe,
Afflicted, humbled, poor.

Thy holy precepts he fulfil'd,
Thy law he magnifi'd;
Th' obedience which we ow'd did yield,
And for poor ſinners di'd.

Was buried deep, continued dead,
'Till thrice the ſun aroſe;
Then burſt his bonds, and captive led,
Triumphantly, his foes.

Then he aſcended up on high,
And took his ſeat in bliſs,
At thy right hand of majeſty,
There intercedes for us.

For his dear ſake would I draw near,
And bow before thy throne;
And, in his righteouſneſs appear;
Renouncing all my own.

I know that out of Chriſt, O God,
Thou art conſuming flame:
But, thro' the merits of his blood,
Thy pardon, Lord, I claim.

Pardon of ſin, of ev'ry kind,
Of every degree;
Of word, deed, thought—of all combin'd;
Original or free.

Not only from the guilt of ſin,
And puniſhment, me free;
But from each foul polluting ſtain,
O Lord, deliver me.

And grant thy ſpirit, to apply
The purchaſe of his blood;
My conſcience foul to purify,
And ſeal my peace with God.

By working faith within my breaſt,
The faith thou doſt approve,
O'ercomes the world, unites to Chriſt,
And purifies by love.

May virtue I to faith unite,
In heavenly knowledge ſhine;
With meekneſs, temp'rance, truth moſt brig
And Charity divine.

Fit me to do and ſuffer here,
Thy juſt and righteous will;
May I on earth, as angels there,
Thy holy law fulfil.

From all temptations guard me, Lord,
And ev'ry ſinful way:
May I be guided by thy Word;
Thy Spirit be my ſtay.

May I, in heart and life, be free
From ev'ry lurking ſin;
And make me holy, like to thee,
The hidden man within.

May ev'ry thought and word of mine
Be ordered aright;
And may my bright example ſhine,
E'en in the ſinner's ſight.

May I extend my love ſincere
To ev'ry child of thine:
May ſinners my affection ſhare,
For God, their Maker, 's mine.

And, when I have fill'd up the ſpace,
Thou haſt appointed here,
Grant me in heav'n to ſee thy face,
Abundant entrance there.

And wilt thou dwell, O God of grace,
In temples made of clay;
And grant thy preſence in the place
Thy ſervants meet to pray?

Enlarge thy kingdom, O our God,
And make thy glory known,
O'er all the ſpacious earth abroad;
O ſhow'r ſalvation down!

From north to ſouth, from eaſt to weſt,
Where'er thy ſun doth ſhine;
There may thy grace, thy goſpel bleſt,
Diſtribute light divine.

And may the ſongs of dying love,
Sound from the dark abode,
Of Indians, in each ſylvan grove,
To hail th' incarnate God.

And, as the dove doth ſeek her mate,
May ſavage tribes ſeek thee;
In flocks around thy temples wait,
And to their windows flee.

Thy gracious kingdom to extend,
Our weak endeavors bleſs:
Send, by the hands whom thou wilt ſend,
And grant them ſure ſucceſs.

Thoſe who forſake their houſe and land,
Their family and friends,
For thy dear cauſe, at thy command,
Lord, make them ſure amends.

While in this world, be thou their guard;
And, in the world to come,
Be thou their ever-bleſt reward;
Be heav'n their joyful home.

And all thy faithful ſervants, Lord,
May they on thee depend;
Grant them thy Spirit, bleſs thy Word;
Be thou thou their God and friend.

Strengthen their hearts, and grant ſucceſs
In thy moſt holy cauſe;
To teach the world thy righteouſneſs,
And vindicate thy laws.

Our aged Paſtor, Lord, I pray
Thou wilt him guard in peace:
O may he, in thy perfect way,
Proclaim redeeming grace.

Deal gently with his feeble frame,
Softly unloſe each pin:
Preſerve his latter end from ſhame;
Grant heav'nly peace within.

And, when his blameleſs courſe is run,
And he doth yield his breath,
May he (his work and warfare done)
Gladly triumph o'er death.

Send down a bright cherubic band,
To waft his ſoul on high;
There, ſeated at thine own right hand,
All God can give enjoy.

My weſtern friend, my Father dear,
O God, ſupreme, may he
The deareſt object of thy care
And tender mercies be.

O may he preach, while ſinners round,
The joyful ſound ſhall hear;
Repent, believe, and ſtud the crown
Of glory he ſhall wear.

And in due time to heav'n him bring,
Enrob'd in ſplendor bright;
Make him the man, the eternal King
To honor will delight.

My Parents dear, almighty God,
I humbly thee implore,
Waſh them in pure redeeming blood,
And bleſs them evermore.

My Brothers all, and Siſters dear,
If ſtrangers ſtill to thee,
Make them thy gracious calls to hear;
Do thou them ſanctify.

Make them each ſweet command of thine
Moſt joyfully obey:
May they, thro' grace, in glory ſhine,
In realms of endleſs day.

My helpleſs Offspring—hear my pray'r;
For Jeſus' ſake I plead;
Be thou their Father; for they are
Moſt fatherleſs indeed.

Be thou their friend, their ſhield to ſave;
Them guide to thine abode:
May they in thee their portion have,
And covenanted God.

May pure religion, undefil'd,
Aſſume the regal ſway:
May error and deluſion, foil'd,
Aſhamed flee away.

O may the ſeaſon come to paſs,
The glorious age of gold;
When (as there but one Shepherd is)
There may be but one fold.

Each friend and foe, I recommend
(If foes are mine) to thee:
Teach, Lord, and guide, and them defend,
From ſin and ſuff'ring free.

And unto One Eternal Three,
The God whom I adore,
Be praiſe now and eternally,
In time—when time 's no more.

A PETITION.

HOW long, O Lord, wilt thou forſake?
O caſt a pitying eye:
With grief my pained head does ach;
My comforts droop and die.

Haſt thou not ſhown, when fleſh and heart,
And ſpirit faint and fail;
Thy Spirit can new ſtrength impart;
Thy grace ſupport us ſtill?

Thou, to the children of thy love,
Doſt in thy book declare;
In their diſtreſſes, thou wilt prove,
Their God and helper near.

Haſt thou not ſaid, tho' all below
Againſt them ſhall contend,
Thy pow'r ſhall lead them ſafely through,
Thy arm ſhall them defend?

Thou canſt our mightieſt foes control,
Their angry pow'r reſtrain;
Nor can affliction ſink the ſoul
Th' Eternal doth ſuſtain.

When thou, in wiſdom, doſt withdraw
Thy ſpecial preſence, Lord,
Teach me to love thy holy law,
And truſt thy gracious word.

And, when I feel my ſoul impreſt,
Do thou be ever near;
Let no vain phantom fill my breaſt,
Deluſive hope or fear.

Watch o'er each frame, O Lord, preſide
O'er ev'ry riſing thought;
Be thou my life, my light, my guide,
My guardian, and my God.

Send down the wings of faith divine,
And raiſe my hopes above;
Where all thy bright perfections ſhine,
And ev'ry ray is LOVE.

EXPOSTULATION.

MY Soul, in vain earth's painted coaſts
You 'll traverſe, bliſs to find;
Not all the gilded toys ſhe boaſts,
Can ſatisfy the mind.

The glit'ring baits of ſenſe entice,
And promiſe laſting gain;
Which light, as airy phantoms, flies,
As mutable and vain.

Let not the world's deluſive ſmiles,
Enchant thy raptur'd view;
For, oft the lovely form beguiles,
And proves a painted ſhrew:

And, while we graſp the flat'ring cheat,
And doat upon its charms,
Some ſecret miniſter of fate
Doth wreſt it from our arms.

If riches prove thy ſordid luſt,
Or wild ambition fires;
Tell me, my ſoul, can India's duſt
Supply thy warm deſires?

Are not the pleaſures fortune claims,
Vain, fleeting, falſe, tho' fair;
And proud ambition's flat'ring dreams,
A puff of paſſing air?

Can all the treaſures of the Eaſt
And all the Weſt, combin'd,
Pour comfort in the wounded breaſt,
Or eaſe the tortur'd mind?

Can fame, the idol of the great,
Or vulgar breath, impart
A charm to eaſe the aching head,
Or ſoothe the pained heart?

Love, like the fragrant roſe of May,
Perfumes our vernal morn;
Oft, like the roſe, its ſweets decay,
And leave a rankling thorn.

How oft misfortune overcaſts,
Deluſive hope beguiles,
And our fond expectation blaſts;
Our warm affection chills!

The bluſhing cheek, the ſparkling eye,
The finiſh'd form and air,
Perhaps may prompt a ſilly ſigh,
Or bribe a paſſing ſtare.

And what is wit or genius bright?
A bubble of the brain:
At beſt, a wand'ring vagrant ſpright;
And oft a glit'ring bane.

No laſting joys from friendſhip riſe,
To ſatisfy below:
This ſource, the balm of life ſupplies;
And bit'reſt weeds of woe.

Our comforts hang upon their breath;
Their preſence is our ſtay:
Soon the commiſſion'd angel, Death,
Tears thoſe weak props away.

In vain thoſe fond endearing ties,
Would chain the ſoaring mind;
Aloft the winged ſpirit flies,
And leaves us grief behind.

Not each, nor all thoſe things combin'd,
Supply thy vaſt deſires:
The graſp of this immortal mind,
Infinity requires!

But, JESUS, thou art faithful ſtill;
Thy love, thy grace is free:
When earthly comforts faint and fail,
Grant greater, far, in—THEE.

CONTEMPLATION.

WHEN, with admiring eyes, I view
Yon ſkies of bright etherial blue,
Where ſtars, in thick ſucceſſion roll,
From ſphere to ſphere, from pole to pole;

My heart exclaims, How great, how wiſe,
Is HE, who form'd the vaulted ſkies!
What wiſdom, pow'r, and ſkill divine,
Throughout yon glit'ring armies ſhine!

The ſun, fair ruler of the day,
Doth, in each beam, the God diſplay;
And publiſhes his truth and love,
To worlds below, and worlds above.

The moon, whoſe ſilver ſconce renews
The falling day, the theme purſues;
And ev'ry ſparkling ſtar diſplays
His pow'r, his goodneſs, and his grace.

And all thoſe dazzling orbs on high,
Which blaze and twinkle thro' the ſky,
Spread thro' the univerſe, abroad,
The glory of their Maker, God.

When thunders roll, when commets glare,
And forked lightnings rend the air;
Hail, clouds, and ſtormy winds proclaim
The matchleſs honors of his name.

But, to deſcribe his heav'nly throne,
Or make his ſacred glories known,
By far exceeds my loftieſt ſong,
Or Gabriel's harp, or Raphæl's tongue.

And all the bright perfections high,
Which conſtitute the Deity,
Expand, unite, conſpicuous ſhine,
In his eternal Son divine.

That God who built, fills, and ſuſtains,
And univerſal ſov'reign reigns,
O'er heav'n, o'er hell, earth, air, and ſea,
Bled, groan'd, and di'd upon a tree!

The ſick'ning ſun withheld his ray,
And midnight darkneſs veil'd the day;
While ſhud'ring Nature's utmoſt bound,
Spread the ſad tidings all around!

Admiring angels ſilent ſtood,
And all the harps in heav'n were mute;
O'er all the bright etherial plains,
Amazement new, and wonder reigns!

When Nature roſe, at his command,
They ſang the wonders of his hand;
Now tune their golden harps again,
And ſing the great Creator ſlain!

Here let me raiſe my rapt'rous ſong;
Let gratitude inſpire my tongue;
For, when he hung upon the tree,
My *guilty ſoul*, he di'd for thee!

While I admire thy wonders, Lord,
Make me believe, obey, thy word:
While I thy works, thy love, explore,
Make my expanding heart adore.

A COMPLAINT.

DEAR JESUS, haſt thou quite forſook
This ſtony heart, that nought will move;
Not all the threat'nings of thy Book;
Nor all thy promiſes of love?

Not thus I felt, when thy pure Word
And Spirit firſt did reach my heart,
Pow'rful as ſharp two-edged ſword,
And bade my carnal hopes depart.

When firſt I felt thy pard'ning grace,
And knew the pow'r of love divine;
Then I could meet thy ſmiling face,
In ev'ry ordinance of thine.

Lord, what is Man! amaz'd, I cry'd;
A child of earth, a ſlave of ſin;
That thou ſhould'ſt leave thy Father's ſide,
And take his ſins; his woes ſuſtain?

When high Arch-angels ſin'd and fell,
No interpoſer did appear:
Thy vengeance frown'd them down to hell,
And juſtice ſeal'd them pris'ners there.

But, when the ſons of Adam ſink,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt, with fear and g
Purſu'd by juſtice to the brink;
Then mercy flies to their relief.

Thus, when my trembling ſpirit ſaw
The charms which ſhone in Jeſus' face;
To ſcreen me from thy fiery law,
I ſought the refuge of his grace.

My with'ring graces now decay,
My hopes are chang'd to gloomy fears;
My joys and comforts flee away,
And all my ſongs are turn'd to tears.

My languid ſpirit doth neglect
To ſeek thy grace, thy love implore;
Nor doth thy threat'ning frown affect—
Thy Spirit only, can reſtore.

This will invigorate my ſoul,
And freſh ſupplies of grace impart;
My griefs, and fears, and ſins control,
And fill with joy my drooping heart.

THE REQUEST.

CELESTIAL pow'rs, who rule on high,
Grant me a heart of ſympathy,
Refin'd from ev'ry groſs alloy,
Alive to each exalted joy.

May I, in ſweet retirement, find
The pleaſures of a virtuous mind:
No ſtately dome, no gay attire,
Nor coſtly viands, I deſire.

Far, far from hurry, pomp, and ſtate
(Th' amuſements of the gay and great)
Give me peace, friends, and innocence,
Books, leiſure, health, and competence.

No faſhion, folly, pride, or hate,
My humble manſion penetrate;
Falſehood and flat'ry baniſh thence,
Inſidious, vain Impertinence.

But, may my hoſpitable door
Be open to the needy poor:
There, may true virtue meet regard,
And humble merit find reward.

O may it be my pleaſing care,
To dry the ſuff'ring Orphan's tear;
The lonely Widow's woes to feel;
And pity thoſe I cannot heal.

When, in the eaſt, the roſy morn
With bluſhes fills the horiſon;
Then may my ſoaring ſpirit riſe,
In adoration, to the ſkies.

And when the ſun's more potent ray
Sheds, far and wide, the flaming day,
May I the ſultry ſeaſon ſpend
In converſe with a choſen friend.

And, when mild evening's ſhades comes on,
Then let me rove, unſeen, alone,
Sequeſter'd, far from noiſe and ſtrife,
And all the buſy hum of life.

There may my feeble ſpirit ſoar,
And wonders, ever new, explore;
Nature and Nature's Author ſcan,
The nobleſt ſcience meant for Man.

When Cynthia mounts the ethereal plain,
Attended by her lucent train,
Then may philoſophy, refin'd,
Illume my contemplative mind.

When ſable night the ſkies inveſt,
And ev'ry care is ſunk to reſt,
May angels guard around my bed,
And heav'nly themes inſpire my head.

Keep me from black ingratitude;
Let no preſumptuous thought intrude;
Let no deſpairing murmurs riſe,
To tempt my ſoul to blaſphemies.

May wild ambition ne'er moleſt
The peaceful tenant of my breaſt;
There may contentment hold her court,
And thither ev'ry grace reſort.

May genuine, pure poetic fire,
My heart, my tongue, my pen inſpire;
Thro' ev'ry faculty infuſe,
The influence of the ſacred Muſe.

Imagination warm, refin'd
Taſte, ſparkling wit, and judgment join'd;
O'er all let piety preſide,
And wiſdom ardent genius guide.

While living, may I live to thee,
And fill each moment uſefully:
When thou remand'ſt my ſpirit home,
Prepare my anſwer, 'Lord, I come.'

And, as I join the throng on high,
May my triumphant ſpirit ſing,
'O Grave, where is thy victory!
O, vanquiſh'd Death, where is thy ſting!'

THE TRUE PHYSICIAN.

COMPOSED IN SICKNESS.

GRACIOUS JESUS, look on me
With pity, or I die;
O hear a wretched ſinner pray,
A helpleſs rebel cry.

Dear Lord, a raging fever burns—
My faithleſs reaſon 's fled;
My tortur'd heart with anguiſh groans,
And phantoms croud my head.

My comforts all have me forſook;
My life is vanity:
O caſt on me a pitying look,
And heal, or elſe I die.

'Well, thy petition let me know,
And what is thy requeſt?
I am a King, a Prophet too,
Phyſician, and a Prieſt.

I reign, I teach, I heal, I ſave;
From death and ſin reſtore:
Heav'n, earth, and air, hell, ſea, and grave,
Are ſubject to my pow'r.

What would'ſt thou have; or doſt require;
For I am God alone:
Produce thy wants, name thy deſire,
Make thy petitions known.'

'Then exert thy potent ſway,
Me purify within;
Purge thoſe polluting ſtains away,
Theſe ſuff'rings, and this ſin.

Thou art indeed the ſinner's friend,
And all thy nature's love:
Speak thou, and all my ſorrows end,
And all my ſins remove.

A ſinner helpleſs, Lord I do
On thee for mercy call:
Thou art my helper, here below;
In Heav'n thou art my all.'

'Is there in Gilead's coaſts no balm;
No kind Phyſician there!
Why doth not Iſraels Daughter claim
His ſkill, and balſam ſhare?

There is a fountain op'ned wide,
To cleanſe King David's race;
Flows copious, from my wounded ſide,
In rivulets of grace.

I came to ſuffer—di'd to ſave;
From guilt and grief I free:
The weary heavy-laden have
Eternal reſt in me.'

'But, Lord, I dare not ſay I am
Of royal David's line;
For I of Gentile Parents came,
Who *were no* ſeed of thine.'

'Both Jew and Gentile I can bleſs;
They all unite in me:
My grace is free—my righteouſneſs
And love are alſo free.

A ſinner, helpleſs and undone,
A Savior doth require:
I am that Saviour; I alone;
None elſe to ſave aſpire.'

'I am bewild'red, Lord, and loſt,
In paths of error ſtray:
O guide me to the heav'nly coaſt,
In truth and life's fair way.'

'I am the only way to God,
Of truth and life divine:
I am the door of his abode;
And his abode is mine.'

'Teach me to know, and love, and fear,
And truſt, and hope in thee;
Teach me thy chaſtiſements to bear;
Thy truth, Lord, teach thou me.

I have a weighty load of ſin;
I heavy burden'd go;
My conſcience black as hell within;
My heart as cold as ſnow!

My health and ſtrength are quite decay'd;
My ſpirit ſunk in grief:
I doubt, I pauſe, I am afraid
To fly to thy relief.'

'My ſtrength ſufficient thou ſhalt prove;
My grace ſhall warm thy breaſt:
My righteouſneſs is thine, and love,
Imparted, and impreſt.

Your conſcience I will purify,
Your load of ſin remove;
I'll change your languid heart, and I
Will give a heart of love.

I ſhall your ſtubborn will renew,
Your underſtanding clear;
Within, I'll ev'ry luſt ſubdue,
And place my image there.'

'But, Lord, I have no pow'r to move,
Unleſs thou lead me on:
O draw me with the cords of love,
And after thee I'll run.

Each offer, how divine it is!
And yields a ſweet relief:
I truſt thy gracious promiſes—
O help my unbelief.'

'The Holy Ghoſt within thy breaſt,
Thy comforter ſhall be,
And pledge of everlaſting reſt,
To teſtify of me.

He ſhall thee teach, and lead, while here,
To ev'ry truth divine,
And be thy faithful guide, to where
My brighteſt glories ſhine.

There ſin or ſickneſs ne'er can be;
The weary there find reſt;
There God ſhall wipe each tear away,
And ſorrow from each breaſt.

Then come, I freely give to thee
The purchaſe of my blood;
Life, pardon, peace eternally,
A Father and a God.'

'Here, Lord, I give myſelf away,
With all my ſoul and mind;
Now, for a ſweet eternity;
I and my all are thine.

How do I bleſs thy heav'nly love,
That ſent thy chaſtning grace,
And did my wand'ring ſpirit move,
To ſeek, anew, thy face.'

THE INDIAN CHIEF.

A TRUE STORY.

THIS CIRCUMSTANCE TOOK PLACE IN THE YEAR 1804.

SEE, lowly bending on his knees,
Wiandot's warlike Chief,
With anxious doubts diſturb'd, he prays,
And pours forth all his grief.

Sick, and oppreſt with pains and ſcars,
He bows before the throne,
And there unburdens all his cares,
To God (tho' lov'd) unknown.

'O thou great Spirit, from on high,
Look down, I thee implore;
Inſtruct my heart, direct my way,
And guide me evermore.

Shall I the darling of my breaſt,
My infant Son reſign;
And leave him in a land of Chriſt,
With miniſters of thine?

And wilt thou him a Chriſtian raiſe,
A miniſter to be,
That he may come and preach thy grace,
To his own tribe and me?

O Spirit good, thy high decree
And great deſign impart;
If this thy will, O heal thou me,
And eaſe my troubled heart.'

The God of Mercy, from on high,
Regarding his requeſt,
'Look'd down, with pity's ſofteſt eye,'
And eas'd his lab'ring breaſt.

Three times he pray'd, 'O Spirit good,
Where ſhall I leave my Son?
To ſpeed my feet, mark out my road,
Send thine own angel down.'

His ſuit was heard, and mercy mov'd
Th' eternal Father's breaſt,
To ſend an angel, whom he lov'd,
To guide, and give him reſt.

The Mother's ſcreams and wild diſtreſs,
Unmov'd, the Warrior hears;
And, thro' the lonely wilderneſs,
His ſmiling Infant bears.

And o'er Ohio's ſilver flood
The ſavage hero hies;
And there, unto the Chriſtian's God,
Conſigns the blooming prize.

'Twas here, in preſbyt'ry combin'd,
The miniſters of God,
A ſolemn court, in council join'd,
To ſpread his Word abroad:

When, from Sanduſky's diſtant plains,
The gallant Chief draws near;
And in his graceful arms ſuſtains
His infant Son, moſt dear.

'Hail! Fathers, Brothers, God has taught
His truth and grace to you:
To you my only Son I 've brought,
That he may teach him too.

Say, will you take my little Boy;
Will you his Fathers be;
And him inſtruct and qualify,
To come and preach to me?

Will you him guide, inſtruct, and guard,
With ſtrict impartial care;
From evil company retard,
And ev'ry ſinful ſnare?'

'Yes, Brother, we with joy indeed
This tender pledge receive:
We will him clothe, inſtruct, and feed—
Grace, only God can give.'

'Will you then pray the God you love,
To grant him grace divine,
And ev'ry gift; each want remove;
To ev'ry good incline?'

'This we will do (conſents each one)
And, with parental care,
We will regard your little Son,
And intercede, by pray'r,

With God, who faithful is, and true,
And hears his Children's cries,
That he will graciouſly, from you,
Accept this ſacrifice.'

Well pleas'd, the grateful Chief beſtows
The off'ring of his heart—
A manly tear his cheek bedews,
As he prepares to part.

Low bending o'er his Son, aſleep,
He pours a parting pray'r;
While, in his breaſt, alternate weep,
Love, gratitude, and care.

'Farewell, my Son,' the Warrior cries
(My Son I dearly love):
If we ne'er meet below the ſkies,
I truſt we 'll meet above.'

Now joy and admiration ſhare,
Alternate, ev'ry breaſt;
And in the good M'CURDY's care,
They place their infant gueſt.

The little prattler's op'ning charms
His leiſure time employs:
He, in fair MIRA's foſt'ring arms,
A Mother's care enjoys.

See how heav'n's condeſcending King
Did grant the ſavage pray'r
Of noble BARNET, and did bring
His Son in ſafety here.

Will not each heart, that loves his grace,
Join in this ſweet requeſt;
That he will raiſe Sanduſky's race,
Sanduſky's Chief will bleſs?

Grant him thy Spirit, O our God!
Thy healing pow'r do ſhow;
And purify, thro' pard'ning blood,
Himſelf, and People too.

ON THE REV. C. M'F——R.

JANUARY 1, 1806.

STRANGER, behold yon venerable man,
Whoſe rev'rend form majeſtically moves,
With native grace, along the velvet plain,
Before the little flock he dearly loves.

He, from the famous iſle of Scotland fair,
Embarked early for our peaceful ſhore;
And left the tender Partner of his care,
With three ſweet Babes, his abſence to deplore.

Columbia's fertile regions to explore,
Was his deſign; then homeward to repair,
And bring thoſe darling treaſures with him o'er,
And come and preach a free ſalvation here.

'Twas now the arduous conflict firſt began,
Between Columbia and Britania's iſle;
Affrighted peace forſook the bleeding land,
And armed hoſts contended for the ſoil.

No more the cheerful ſong of lab'ring ſwains,
Thro' ſylvan groves, re-echo'd from afar;
But groans of dying anguiſh fill'd the plains,
And all the mingled din of waſting war.

Now blood and ſlaughter mark'd their crimſon way,
And martial fleets inveſted ev'ry ſhore;
Confuſion rag'd, and, thund'ring o'er the ſea,
Bellona dy'd the waves with crimſon gore.

Fair peace, at length, her olive-branch diſplay'd,
And o'er Columbia's coaſt bade freedom reign:
The warworn hero ſheath'd his reeking blade,
And tranquil happineſs return'd again.

For ten long years, no Wife or Child ſaw he,
Far ſeparated by the foaming flood:
At length, his pray'r was heard; they o'er the ſea
Were ſafely wafted, by a faithful God.

Full thirty years, from yonder ſacred dome,
Did he proclaim ſalvation's joyful ſound:
To train immortals for a life to come,
A teacher, from his God, he yet is found.

Threeſcore and ten revolving ſummers ſhed
Their ſilver dews, to deck his locks with gray:
Their hoary influence upon his head,
Has ripen'd age to full maturity.

Smoothly he glides down life's tempeſtuous ſea,
Enjoying health, and happineſs, and eaſe,
And finds his ſtrength proportion'd to his day;
And ends, belov'd, his ſpotleſs life in peace.

Where are the crouds, which once did throng thoſe pews?
Go aſk yon marble tombs; they will reveal
That they, in mournful ſtate, do now encloſe
The faded forms which once thoſe walls did fill.

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That they, in mournful ſtate, do now encloſe
The faded forms which once thoſe walls did fill.

Yet ſtill their Paſtor lives; while, one by one,
Survivors own the awful Monarch's ſway;
He ſtill proclaims ſalvation's joyful ſound,
Directs their flight to heav'n, and leads the way.

Father of light and life, thou God above,
O may thy Spirit aid his feeble breath;
O may thy arms of everlaſting love
Support, defend him, in the hour of death.

And, when conſigned to the peaceful tomb,
May guardian angels watch his ſlumb'ring duſt,
'Till the laſt trumpet calls the faithful home;
Then wake to joys immortal, with the juſt.

THE INVITATION.

COLLECTED, IN PART, FROM AN EXHORTATION, DELIVERED AT DONEGAL, PREVIOUS TO THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER. JULY 6, 1806.

WISDOM divine provides a feaſt,
And grace invites us near:
'O come, partake the rich repaſt,
I for my ſaints prepare.'

Ye blooming youth, come own your Lord:
O why will ye delay!
Come, croud around his ſacred board;
His ſweet commands obey.

'Thoſe ſaints, who early ſeek my face,
My favor early prove;
Thoſe, the dear objects of my grace,
My tenderneſs, and love.'

God, from his radient throne of light,
Doth downward caſt his eyes,
And with a ſmile, divinely bright,
A youthful ſaint eſpies.

Approach with joy, ye ſmiling youth;
Let infant voices ſing:
Why ſhould the blooming tribes refuſe
To own their reigning King?

O come ye Children all, and ſhare
This feaſt of fruits divine;
Here pardon, peace, and joy ſincere,
And grace and love combine.

The Spirit's gracious call obey;
'Behold, there ſtill is room:'
Hear the bleſt bride of Jeſus ſay,
'Let ev'ry ſinner come.'

See the meek Suff'rer bath'd in gore,
Behold his thorny crown!
Was e'er ſuch ſorrow felt before;
Such love and pity known?

O hear his groans, his dying cry!
His agony and blood!
Why did he ſuffer, bleed, and die;
Why intercede with God?

Sinners, for us he ſunk beneath
A weight of guilt; and cry'd,
'Father,' with his expiring breath,
'Forgive their ſins;' and dy'd.

For us the great Redeemer fell:
He roſe, that we might reign;
Subdu'd the pow'rs of death and hell,
And rent their bars in twain.

By hell's deep, dark, deſpairing doom,
By all that heav'n can give,
He calls, intreats, commands to come
To him, and life receive.

'Turn ſinners, turn—I dy'd for you:
Behold my bleeding heart!
Why will you force your paſſage thro',
To pains and endleſs ſmart!

'For you I left my throne above,
Where holy angels bow;
Hung on a croſs, of grief, and love,
To purchaſe life for you.

'For you the piercing thorns I bore;
Nor did the ſcourge decline:
For you, my pained fleſh was tore—
The ſpear, the grave were mine.'

Who can withſtand thy potent plea;
Who dare reſiſt thy call?
Jeſus, who would not yield to thee
Their life, their ſoul, their all?

Make us attend thy ſacred court,
And place us round thy board,
Where thy beloved ſaints reſort,
And own their ſov'reign Lord.

There, ſeated at thy feaſt of grace,
We 'll hear thy word divine;
And, in thoſe bleſt memorials, trace
Each grief, each gift of thine.

'Eat, O my friends,' ſays Chriſt, our Head;
'Drink, O belov'd,' he cries;
'My broken Body is your Bread;
My Blood, your Wine ſupplies.'

Was e'er ſuch mercy known before;
Such love and pity found!
Who can its breadth, or length explore,
Or fathom its profound!

In vain, the loftieſt mortal ſong
Attempts a theme ſo high:
Where is the heart, or voice, or tonge,
Can reach Infinity?

Ye angels, ſweep each heav'nly ſtring,
Strike ev'ry ſounding key;
And, in celeſtial numbers, ſing
This LOVE, how great! how free!

But yet, the theme of DYING LOVE
Exceeds your loftieſt ſtrain;
And all the glit'ring harps above,
Attempt the notes, in vain!

O Jeſus, ſend thy Spirit forth,
Compel thy gueſts to come;
From eaſt to weſt, from ſouth to north,
Call thy redeemed home.

When ſhall the glorious time arrive,
That tribes, of ev'ry tongue,
Shall know thy Name, thy grace receive,
And ſwell our feeble ſong?

When, from Sanduſky's diſtant plain,
To fair Indoſtan's ſhore,
Jeſus, our God, in triumph reign;
And earth and ſeas adore?

How will our kindling ſouls rejoice,
Our warm devotions riſe,
When ev'ry heart, and tongue, and voice,
Th' expanding flame ſupplies!

When the bright armies, round the throne,
Begin the rapt'rous ſtrain;
Then nations, tongues, and tribes unknown,
Shall ſwell the 'loud AMEN!'

DEATH AWFUL.

WHAT gloomy awe pervades the room
  Where hopeleſs ſinners lie!
Death calls the ling'ring ſpirit home;
  But, dare the rebel die?

The trembling ſoul, with wild affright,
  Hugs faſt her tot'ring clay;
Nor dare ſhe take her unknown flight;
  Nor can that flight delay.

Awak'ned conſcience now begins
  To trace her mercies o'er,
And calculate her heinous ſins,
  Which lay conceal'd before.

What pale reviews, what ſtartling dread,
  Pervade the guilty breaſt!
Hope, ſoothing cherub, almoſt fled;
  With torturing fears oppreſt.

Harraſſ'd and ſick, the aching heart
  And pained body lies;
In dire diſmay, thro' ev'ry part,
  The writhing ſpirit flies.

O! for a month, a week, a day,
  Would Death delay his ſtroke;
She would repent, reform, and flee
  To god; and grace invoke.

Time drops, and all eternity
Stands open to her view;
A righteous Judge, the bar on high,
And fiery gulph below.

She cries, oppreſs'd with terror, pain!
Death mocks her ling'ring ſtay;
And, raging thro' each pulſe and vein,
Demands his trembling prey.

In vain, to 'ſcape the unerring blow,
The wretched ſuff'rer tries;
O'erwhelm'd with ſin, with pain and woe,
She ſinks, deſpairs, and dies.

Where now the ſoul that lately ſhone
Thro' yonder haggard clay?
Thro' what new climes, what worlds unknown,
She takes her wond'rous way!

No more the pleading Jeſus comes,
With pardons bought with blood;
But, cloth'd in vengeful wrath, aſſumes,
In ev'ry look, the God!

My trembling Muſe, the theme reſign;
Nor let thy wings expand:
Infinite bliſs, or wrath divine,
Infinite ſkill demand.

AN EPICEDIUM,

ON THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS AND PIOUS MRS. *MARY BELL*. COMPOSED BY *MARY MAXFIELD*, OF FAGS MANOR, AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY YEARS.

INSERTED BY REQUEST.

THIS ſweet Saint ſleeps among the dead;
Her precious ſoul to heav'n is fled,
To meet her God, without delay—
Her God ſaid, 'Fair one, come away.

'The winter's paſt, the rains are o'er,
And I have brought you ſafe to ſhore;
Come, and poſſeſs the glorious throne,
That is prepared by my Son.

'Sit here, and ſhine before my face,
For works of love and righteouſneſs,
And charity, which you did ſhow
To thoſe you left on earth below.'

She's gone to heav'n, there to behold,
In robes of honor, deck'd with gold,
The Savior, whom ſhe lov'd below,
Where ſhe did grace and mercy ſhow.

A FRAGMENT.

JESUS, I know thy charming voice;
Thy ſweet commands I hear;
Thy words my raptur'd ſoul rejoice,
And charm my liſt'ning ear.

Who can reſiſt thy potant plea;
Who can withſtand thy call?
Jeſus, who would not yield to thee
Themſelves, their lives, their all?

But Satan tempts, and faith gives way;
If Jeſus be not nigh,
My graces languiſh, hopes decay,
My comforts droop and die.

Now unbelief prevails, and fears;
A legal ſpirit reigns;
And paſt experience all appears
A phantom of the brains.

Now doubts and fears revive again;
My comforts diſappear:
All my repentance is but feign'd;
My love is inſincere.

I am a ſinner vile, indeed,
Beyond the reach of grace;
Not the rich Blood, that Jeſus ſhed,
Can cleanſe a wretch ſo baſe.

But Jeſus calls, and I 'll obey:
He 'll all my guilt remove;
His blood will waſh each ſtain away;
For O, I feel I LOVE!

When on the tort'ring Croſs he bled,
Suſpended high in air;
His flowing Blood, his arms outſpread,
Did free acceſs declare.

His Spirit doth freſh grace impart,
And whiſpers he is mine:
Jeſus, the love that warms my heart,
Is but a pledge of thine.

Rais'd by thy ſweet conſtraining grace,
My hopes revive again—
Thou never ſaid, 'Seek ye my face;'
And bad'ſt us ſeek in vain.

Thus, let our ſweet experience prove,
What reaſon can't impart:
The pledge of firm electing LOVE,
Is a believing heart.

Enchantreſs of the feeling heart,
We ſoar, we ſink, we languiſh,
As doth your magic ſkill impart
Love, triumph, joy, or anguiſh.

Delightful tyrant, how you reign
Within, without, all over!
Your brilliant eyes, your tongue, your pen,
Form hero, ſaint, and lover!

ODE ON LOVE.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF MISS *ELIZA C...*

SEPTEMBER 7, 1805.

O LOVE, thou ſource ſupreme, below,
Of all the bleſſings mortals know;
Celeſtial ſpark of heav'nly flame,
Thou ſoul-illuminating beam,
Give me the pen of inſpiration,
To vindicate thy reputation.

Some arm thy feeble hands with darts,
Transfixing pangs in gentle hearts;
Some deck thee out in mock array,
A blind, tho' armed, deity;
Each fabling poet, ſtill traducing,
Of caprice thee, or vice, accuſing.

Love fills the ſoul with chaſte deſires,
And purifies its groſſer fires,
Inflames, irradiates, and refines,
Exalts, ennobles, and ſublimes;
Wakes ev'ry dormant faculty,
And tunes each chord to harmony.

Love doth each impious thought control,
And tames the wild ferocious ſoul;
Softens the bold, the languid warms,
The fierce repels, the timid arms;
Humbles the vain, the proud repreſſes;
The rough it awes, the meek it graces.

Love doth the haughty ſavage quell,
And ſoftneſs in his breaſt inſtill;
Mild Virtue's pure ethereal fires,
This ſoul-ſubduing ſpark inſpires:
Nay, the refining emanation,
Doth ſanctify each groſſer paſſion.

When order from confuſion ſprung,
Together kindred atoms hung,
Love was the golden zone that bound
The whole in one infinite round:
Heav'n, air, and earth, and ſkies, and main,
Hung in the ſame eternal chain.

When our firſt Parents (happy pair)
Were form'd, and plac'd in Eden fair;
Ere Satan fell, or ſin began,
And Deity convers'd with Man;
Love then forſook his native ſkies,
And dwelt with them in Paradiſe.

When Innocence, from Edin driv'n,
Left earth, and reaſcended heav'n,
With Happineſs, her ſiſter fair,
And fixt their laſting manſion there;
In pity to our fallen kind,
Propitious Love remain'd behind.

Oft in this mourning vale of tears,
O'erwhelm'd with ſorrows, pains, and fears,
When friends forſake, when foes oppreſs,
When fortune frowns, and cares diſtreſs;
Love, ever faithful, ever true,
Gives ſtrength to ſuffer, or ſubdue.

When all our earthly props are gone,
And ev'ry human aid unknown;
When cloſing time demands our breath,
And ev'ry pulſe is fraught with death;
Immortal Love the juſt ſuſtains,
Confirms their hopes, and ſoothes their pains.

Nay, when they take their ſoaring flight,
To the pure realms of endleſs light,
On wings of Love divine they riſe,
And join the chorus of the ſkies;
There ſaints and angels ſweetly prove,
The height of all their heav'n is Love.

But, dear ELIZA, hear a caution,
No tranſient, ſelfiſh, partial paſſion
Is Love. On heav'n's extenſive plan,
It comprehends both God and Man;
And ev'ry partial inclination,
A ſpark divine, or emanation.

Let thoſe who will accuſe, condemn,
Rail, and thy ſacred Name blaſpheme;
Almighty Love, do thou impart
Thy hallow'd influence to my heart;
There make each pow'rful paſſion move,
To ſweet harmonious ſtrains of Love.

O make my joyful heart o'erflow
At others' joy, for others' woe;
May pity prompt the riſing ſigh,
And ſympathy bedew my eye;
I aſk no more (for ALL is giv'n)
Than Love divine, on earth, in heav'n.

ADDRESS TO SOLITUDE.

SWEET Solitude, thou ſource of joys refin'd,
Parent of thought, and foſt'rer of the mind!
Come, with your genial ſoul-inſpiring ray,
And drive theſe gath'ring baleful miſts away.
O diſpoſſeſs this fly intruſive train,
Which, in my breaſt, uſurp a lawleſs reign,
And chill the warm affections of the ſoul,
Obſcure her beams, and all her pow'rs controul;
Dry up the ſource whence fair ideas flow,
And blaſt the buds of genius ere they blow.

Tir'd of a dizzy round of fickly joys,
Of paſſing vanities, and painted toys;
Of toils, of cares, of dull purſuits, and ſchemes,
And airy, idle, unſubſtantial dreams;
(Which wayward fancy decks in gaudy hues,
And purblind paſſion, uninform'd, purſues;
Trifles, which cloy the ſenſe, or ſtarve the mind;
Elude our graſp, or leave a ſting behind)
Of noiſe, of chitchat, nonſenſe, and parade;
Gladly I ſeek thee, in the peaceful ſhade.

Here, free from cold reſtraints, the mind can rove,
And woo the myſtic genius of the grove:
Then come, ye wing'd inhabitants, and pour
Your foſt'ring influence o'er the tranquil hour.
Your ſweetly-ſoothing charms can peace impart,
And baniſh ev'ry ſorrow from the heart;
Can calm the wild diſorders of the breaſt,
And lull the throbbing paſſions into reſt;
From dark diſguiſes purge the mental ray,
And light the lamp of intellectual day.

Come, dreſt in each reſiſtleſs grace, and wear
Mild meditation's penſive muſing air;
Beneath whoſe placid beams the ſtrength'ned ſight
Pierces the clouds, which veil the world of light;

Imbibes the lucid rays of truth divine,
And, by reflected luſtre, learns to ſhine:
Then come, celeſtial viſitant, and fire
My daring theme—my languid Muſe inſpire.
Here, young imagination trims her wings,
And genius, here, her infant offspring brings:
Nurs'd by the Muſe, the embryo ideas riſe,
'Till contemplation fits them for the ſkies.
Here, langour drops inebriating ſway,
And ruſty ignorance diſſolves away;
Rudeneſs is aw'd, and ſtupid dullneſs tries
His ſtubborn nerves, and wiſhes to be wiſe.
Here, prompting Seraphs fan the genial fire,
And the wrapt Poet ſtrikes the ſylvan lyre!

Here, fair Philoſophy, by reaſon led,
Woos matchleſs Nature in the ſilent ſhade;
Inveſtigates her wonder-working pow'rs,
And ſcans the ſoul of minerals, plants, and flow'rs;
Diſſects their parts, their properties, and uſe;
And Nature's plans unerringly purſues:
Syſtems on ſyſtems, rolling, meet her ſight,
And worlds on worlds, in beaut'ous order bright.
Then, gradual riſing, ſhe ſurveys the whole,
And darts her piercing eye from pole to pole;
And, as her eager glances ſtill purſue
Th' unwearied ſearch, new objects meet her vie
Wide as the univerſe her ſearch extends,
And the vaſt realms of Nature comprehends!

But where, or whither, ſhall the reſtleſs mind
A ſoul-ſufficient portion ſeek and find!
Her views expanding, her deſires expand,
And ſome ſupreme untaſted good demand:
Still the ſick ſoul unſatisfy'd remains,
And back, recoiling on herſelf, ſhe leans—
She leans——but finds, alas! the ſupport vain;
And feels a vaſt vacuity within!
There diſappointment lurks, in ſly diſguiſe,
And ſlow experience the rank cheat deſcries.
Tir'd of the fruitleſs ſearch, at length, ſhe turns,
Diſguſted, and with hopeleſs ſorrow mourns.

Enlarg'd deſires, unbounded, ſtill ariſe,
And, ſpurning meaner objects, graſp the ſkies;
Then, ſtretching ev'ry nerve, aloft ſhe ſoars,
And Nature's hidden Great Firſt Cauſe explores:
But, wrapt in radient rays of glory bright,
Nature's veil'd Great Firſt Cauſe repels her ſight,
'Till REVELATION darts its beams abroad,
And, to the reſtleſs mind, reveals a GOD!
There, then, the warm deſires unite, combine,
And, cent'ring in their ſource, become divine.

Tutor'd by thee, ſweet Solitude, we learn
Aright our own importance to diſcern;
We feel our immortality, and trace
'The works of Nature, Providence, and grace;'
Converſe with diſtant ages, and ſurvey
Creation's birth, and her expiring day;
Study our great Creator's will, and try
To frame our lives aright, and learn to die!

Then, peaceful Solitude, thy gifts be mine;
And I the ſocial circle, pleas'd, reſign.

A SONG.

MY heart, no longer fondly dream,
By quaffing each polluted ſtream,
Pure happineſs to find:
Haſte to the fount that freely flows,
To give the anxious breaſt repoſe,
And eaſe the lab'ring mind.

There living waters freely roll,
To eaſe the ſorrows of the ſoul,
And all its pow'rs refine:
There peace and pardon ſweetly blend;
And love, and joy, and grace deſcend;
And glory all divine.

There fruits of life eternal grow,
And ſeas of pureſt pleaſures flow;
Without a ſhoal or ſhore:
There angels join with ſaints above,
In one harmonious ſong of love;
And ſeraphims adore.

The radiant choirs begin the theme,
And ſhout the great Redeemer's Name—
'Tis GABRIEL leads the van:
Glory, the bright arch-angel cries,
To him who form'd the vaulted ſkies;
Yet dy'd on earth for Man!

Each ſaint, triumphant, joins the ſong,
Hoſannahs burſt from ev'ry tongue,
'To him who dy'd for me;'
'To him who waſh'd us in his blood,
And made us Sons and Heirs of God,
Eternal glories be.'

While ſaints and angels join, above,
To ſing redeeming grace and love,
And ſwell the rapt'rous ſtrain;
To Father, Son, and Spirit too,
Aſcribing glories, endleſs, new,
My Spirit ſay, AMEN!

ON A BIBLE.

THESE are the Courts where wiſdom loves to reign,
With all the ſhining virtues in her train;
Here grace, and peace, and joy celeſtial ſhine,
And life immortal breathes in ev'ry line.
Here let our muſing meditations riſe,
And all our roving paſſions harmonize:
Let lofty ſcience here ſubmiſſive bend,
And all the tow'ring flights of fancy 'tend.
Here let each Muſe new-plume her ſoaring wing,
And ev'ry grace her grateful tribute bring:
Let genins here her glowing flame acquire,
And chaſte devotion light her purer fire;
Let contemplation ſpread her pinions broad,
And faith, in ev'ry line, diſcern a God;
Let the wrapt ſoul exert her ev'ry pow'r,
And each expanding faculty adore.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN WHITEHILL, ESQUIRE,

LATE OF DONEGAL, LANCASTER COUNTY.

DEDICATED TO

MRS. MARY WHITEHILL.

JANUARY 26, 1807.

COULD pray'rs or tears reverſe great Nature's doom,
Or ſmiling fortune bribe the gaping tomb;
Could all the tender ties of friendſhip ſave,
Or love redeem its darling from the grave;
Or virtue guard from death the upright heart,
Or piety repel his pointed dart,
Or happineſs or peace his arm confine;
WHITEHILL, thou ſtill hadſt liv'd—for theſe were thine.
But vain are tears, and pray'rs, and ſelfiſh ſighs,
To drag a bleſt immortal from the ſkies:
There thy bright ſpirit hath forever fled;
While we miſtake; and, mourning, ſay 'He's dead.'

Thy aged Mother mourns her loſs ſevere;
And o'er thy grave thy Country drops a tear.
Thro' thy bereaved Offspring ſtill we trace
Thy placid image in each orphan face.
We hear thy widow'd Partner breathe her woe;
While, from her lips, theſe plaintive accents flow:
'Parted on earth; yet ſoon we'll meet above,
In the bleſt regions of immortal love;
Where pain and ſorrow find no longer room;
Nor ſin, the ſource of all, can ever come.'

Then huſh theſe long complaints, give ſorrow o'er:
'He is not loſt, but only gone before'
Theſe brighter proſpects ſweetly realize;
And then prepare to meet him in the ſkies.
Gladly enjoy the bleſſings God has lent;
And, when he claims his own, be thou content.
Nay, more: Be thankful; for he only knows
What's truly good; and what is good beſtows.

Death's ſorrows and afflictions God has giv'n,
As ſteps whereon, with eaſe, we climb to heav'n;
And, one by one, he ſnaps the ſilken ties,
Which hold our fordid ſpirits from the ſkies:
And, when he blaſts the joys we moſt admire,
'Tis that we may to higher joys aſpire;
Tears the lov'd idol from its impious ſhrine,
And fills, himſelf, the aching breaſt within;
Subdues each darling rival on his throne,
That in our boſoms he may reign alone.

Be theſe tranſporting conſolations thine,
As bleſſing after bleſſing you reſign.

A DREAM.

ANNA, methought (that hither led,
By magic pow'r) I flew:
Too late, alas! the charm was fled—
The potent magnet—you.

With ſolitary ſtep, alone,
I ſought your image bright;
But found the vital ſpirit gone,
That late inſpir'd delight.

I penſive, ſad, with grief oppreſt,
Travers'd each ſilent room;
A ſolemn awe ſtole o'er my breaſt,
As walking o'er your tomb!

To walk your tomb—May heav'n decree,
In pity to Mankind,
To take the uſeleſs firſt, like me;
And leave you long behind.

THE KING OF TERRORS.

SEE how the iron Monarch's ruthleſs ſway
Snatches the unſuſpecting prize away;
Behold how, blaſted by his potent breath,
The faireſt works of Nature ſink in death!
Obſerve how pale, in ghaſtly pomp array'd,
Lies yon fair form, yon late unrival'd Maid!
Where is the ſparkling wit that lately ſhone;
Whither that bright vivacious ſpirit flown?
Alas! grim Death has ſtruck the mortal blow,
And laid them with their ſweet poſſeſſor low;
Thoſe eyes, that once outſhone the morning's beam,
Alas! their lovely lightnings all are dim!
The roſes are all fled, and ev'ry grace
Forſakes that late enchanting form and face:
The ſoul has ta'en her everlaſting flight,
And the cold manſion ſinks in endleſs night!

O, cruel Death, could no fond pity ſway
Thy iron breaſt, to ſpare ſo ſweet a prey?
Can beauty, youth, and ſmiling wealth impart
No charm, to move thy cold obdurate heart?
Ah! no: With cruel and capricious pride,
Thou doſt the fondeſt hopes of Man deride;
Nip their fair budding joys, their proſpects blaſt,
And all their promis'd bleſſings overcaſt.
Nor can the Widow's ſhriek, the Orphan's wail,
Nor ſacred friendſhip, o'er thy arm prevail!
Death, like a tyrant, deals his fatal blow,
And ſmiles at all the ſolemn pomp of woe.

A SONG.

O, WHY theſe long complaints and ſighs,
  Or whence theſe flowing tears;
Why do theſe ſwelling ſorrows riſe,
  Or why theſe faithleſs fears?

My ſoul would fain mount cheerful up,
  To meet a ſmiling God;
But her weak pinions tire and droop,
  Beneath a guilty load.

My wand'ring ſpirit pines and mourns;
  Nor finds a moment's reſt;
But, like a lonely Dove, returns
  And ſeeks its peaceful neſt.

Father, I'll fall before thy throne,
  And all my ſins confeſs:
My baſe ingratitude I'll own,
  And plead thy pard'ning grace.

To thee I'll look, on thee I'll truſt;
  Thy promiſe, Lord, is true:
Nought but that pow'r, that form'd me firſt,
  Can form my heart anew.

O may I ſee thy graces ſhine,
  My ſtubborn ſoul to move,
And thaw this frozen heart of mine,
  To ſtreams of pureſt love.

In vain thro' painted ſcenes I paſs,
Or ſport with glit'ring toys—
The ſoul, that e'er has known thy grace,
Aſpires to richer joys.

I cannot live, if thou depart;
Thy preſence is my ſtay:
O, repoſſeſs my yielding heart,
And purge its ſins away.

Do thou theſe guilty fears control;
O grant me faith divine:
Make me, in ſpirit, body, ſoul,
O Lord, forever thine.

EJACULATION,

WRITTEN, DURING A CESSATION OF PAIN FROM A CRAMP IN THE BREAST, JULY 5, 1807.

FATHER of life, thy ſkill alone can cure
This heart-diſſolving anguiſh I endure:
In vain I invocate the healing art;
The dire diſeaſe entrenches at the heart.

Lodg'd in the breaſt, it ſhoots, with angry ſtrife,
Its poiſon'd arrows in the fount of life:
But 'tis thy guiding hand that points their ſting,
Directs their flight, and fits them to the ſtring.

Teach, then, ſubmiſſion to thine awful Will,
And bleſs, I pray, each thrilling pang I feel;
Let no rebellious word my tongue profane,
Nor in my breaſt one impious murmur reign.

Why ſhould a feeble flut'ring inſect dare
T' arraign the eternal Sov'reign at its bar!
Thou form'd me firſt thy glory to reveal;
And thy unerring purpoſe, Lord, fulfil.

VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY A SERMON PREACHED AT DONEG. JUNE 21, 1807, BY THE REV. W. K. FROM TH WORDS:

'How ſhall ye eſcape, if ye neglect ſo great Salvation

JESUS—whoſe voice of ſov'reign might
Obedient Nature heard,
When, from the dreary womb of night,
Her beaut'ous frame he rear'd;

Jeſus, who built the vaulted ſky,
And ſhed the morning beams,
Who hung the ſtarry worlds on high,
And cloth'd the ſun in flames;

Whoſe Name the bright cherubic hoſts,
With loud hoſannahs, ſing;
While, thro' the vaſt ethereal coaſts,
The rapt'rous anthems ring—

Awhile forſakes the joyous ſkies,
And veils himſelf in clay,
And on the croſs extended dies,
To bleed our ſins away!

He, who with life immortal fires
The flaming choirs above,
Nail'd to a ſhameful croſs, expires
In groans of dying love!

See him ſuſpended in mid-air,
Behold his flowing veins;
While, from his heart, the piercing ſpear
The vital current drains!

'Father, perform thy awful will,'
The patient ſuff'rer cry'd;
'Forgive my foes thoſe pangs I feel;'
Then bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

Nature, in ſympathetic ſighs,
Confeſt her Lord was ſlain;
While ſable ſhades enwrapt the ſkies—
The rocks were rent in twain!

The radient ſun was veil'd in gloom,
The pow'rs of darkneſs ſhook;
And, burſting from the peaceful tomb,
The ſlumb'ring dead awoke!

The Roman bands, unus'd to fear,
In ſhudd'ring horror ſtood!
And cry'd (o'erwhelm'd in deep deſpair)
'This is the Son of God'!!!

This God, who bids the planets roll,
And props the whirling ſpheres,
Pour'd out, in agony, his ſoul,
With ſighs, and groans, and tears!

It was our forfeit ſouls to free,
He fell a ſacrifice:
Where then, O whither ſhall they flee,
Who offer'd grace deſpiſe?

Shall not the God, whoſe breath will hurl
The blaſting lightning's gleam,
Whoſe thunders cruſh th' aſtoniſh'd world,
And wrap the heav'ns in flame!

Shall he not blaſt the impious race,
Who ſlight a Saviour's blood,
Who dare deſpiſe his richeſt grace,
And mock a pard'ning God!

To-day, the Saviour's voice is heard;
SALVATION is the theme;
While fiery vengeance ſtands prepar'd,
To 'whelm his foes in ſhame!!

Father of life, thy pow'r alone
Our ſtubborn wills can move,
And change theſe ſtupid hearts of ſtone,
To hearts of melting love.

We ſup'liant fall before thy face,
And beg thy aid divine:
The work is ours—But O! the grace,
And ev'ry pow'r, is thine.

A SONG.

LORD, I am thine; my ſpirit feels
The inward joy thy Word reveals:
Thro' this clear lattice of thy grace,
I ſee thy revealed face.

No more let impious fears aſſail,
Nor doubts perplex, nor ſins prevail—
I hear the pitying JESUS ſay,
'O caſt your unbelief away:

'Tho' thou haſt ſtray'd—return again;
Nor ſhall you ſeek my face in vain:
Come, mourning ſinner, come and find
A Saviour merciful and kind.

'I ſend my Spirit down, to move
And melt the frozen heart to love:
'Tis I infuſe the warm deſire,
And ſweetly fan the glorious fire.

'I hear the helpleſs rebels cry,
And prompt the deep repentant ſigh,
The contrite groan, the flowing tear,
And ſee my ſmiling image there.

'Then come, with all your guilty load,
And truſt a faithful pard'ning God:
'Tis I can ſanctify alone,
And for the vileſt ſins atone.

'Come, with a thouſand crimes öppreſt,
And find in me eternal reſt:
To me your ſtubborn heart reſign,
And take my righteouſneſs for thine.'

JESUS, thy voice alone can heal
The griefs, the pains, the ſins I feel:
I own thy love's conſtraining ſway;
I hear thy precept, and obey.

O repoſſeſs my faithleſs heart,
And let it never more depart
From thee; in whom alone I find
A portion ſuited to my mind.

No more let ſins or ſorrows reign;
Nor unbelief prevail again;
For, in thy favor, Lord, alone
Is life, and peace, and joy, unknown.

In vain thro' ſinful paths I ſtray,
Or rove thro' pleaſure's flow'ry way:
If thou thy ſmiling face conceal,
My hopes, my joys, my comforts fail.

O Lord, transform my heart anew,
And make me holy, juſt, and true:
My conduct, thoughts, and words refine,
And make me all and ever thine.

THE FORFEITURE.

WHY, lovely DELIA, kind as fair,
The death-fraught ſulph'rous torch prepare?
Or, gentle DAMON, tell me why
The unſuſpecting Swarm muſt die?
Each peaceful member of the Hive,
Of thee doth independent live;
He aſks no humble boon from you,
Nor doth he for your favor ſue;
But, ſoon as fair Aurora bright
Diſpels the ſable ſhades of night,
And, copious, from her lap diſtils
Freſh fragrance o'er the dewy fields,
He riſes with the newblown day,
And to the meadow haſtes away;
There, from each fragrant ſhrub or flow'r,
He nicely culls his luſcious ſtore;
And, when the flaming orb of day
Flings down the fierce meridian ray,
Still clinging to the with'ring flow'rs,
In toil he ſpends the ſcorching hours:
His unremitting ſkill he plies,
'Till cloudy ev'ning ſhrouds the ſkies;
Then, buzzing home, with eager flight,
His daily earning guards by night.

Nature's great Author gave to all
A being: Of this earthly ball
The meaneſt inſect claims a ſhare,
And feels his providential care.

Each eſſence, order, grace, and form,
From angel dwindling down to worm,
Throughout their ſtations, uſes, end,
On him they centre and depend.
From high to low, from great to ſmall,
He forms, ſuſtains, and governs all;
Throughout the whole progreſſive chain,
No ſingle link is made in vain.
'Dividual rights pertain to all—
Tyrants alone thoſe rights enthral!
Man is not ſov'reign o'er the reſt;
He 's but the middle link at beſt.
'Then ſpare the life thou canſt not give:
All claim an equel right to live.'

When time and all things firſt began,
And duſt was faſhion'd into man,
God did to ADAM then beſtow
Whate'er had being here below,
And ſaid, 'ſubdue them to thy fear,
And reign my great vicegerent here;
For all the bleſſings earth produces,
I give you for your various uſes.'
Here then our ſpacious charter lies;
'All things are yours, below the ſkies,
For pleaſure, food, whate'er you will—
Mankind alone you muſt not kill.'

When God created ADAM firſt
(In his own image) from the duſt,
Perfect he was in ev'ry part,
In form, in faculties, in heart;
From ev'ry taint and blemiſh free,
The finite Son of Deity:

Complete his bright perfections ſhone;
Inferior but to God alone.
'Twas in this pure and happy ſtate,
His Maker did him lord create
O'er all in earth, in air, or ſea,
Except one interdicted TREE.
Sin had not then been introduc'd,
Nor were the works of God confus'd:
The creatures then own'd ADAM's ſway,
And tamely did his will obey.

Tho' happy firſt and free from ſtain,
Secure from death, decay, and pain;
Yet, ADAM did the cov'nant break,
And God's moſt righteous law forſake:
A three-fold life he ſin'd away—
A three-fold death was doom'd to pay.
God's beaut'ous image was defac'd,
And Satan's likeneſs there impreſs'd:
The nobleſt ſtructure God created
Was to the Devil dedicated.

That moment, peace forſook our coaſt;
Bliſs fled—for innocence was loſt:
Revolt and anarchy began;
Man fled from God, and Beaſt from Man.
Man, by ſin's envenom'd breath,
Tainted the fragrant air with death;
Then joyous happineſs and love
Forſook each peaceful bow'r and grove.

'Since ADAM fell, we dare not ſay,
'Tis I command, and you obey;'

For, throughout univerſal Nature,
Man is the moſt dependant creature;
He, by his wilful lapſe and fall,
Beſides God's favor, loſt his all.
All elſe, but Man, obey'd God's laws—
Man, the ſole rebel to his cauſe,
Whoſe puniſhment and dire diſgrace
Infected all his unborn race;
And latent poiſon did impart
Thro' ev'ry age, to ev'ry heart.

God cannot change—his leaſt decree
Is fixt immutability.
Not mercies mild, infinite, pure,
Baſe Man from juſtice can ſecure.
Each attribute of God demands
Atonement from the ſinner's hands—
By ſin a bankrupt ev'ry way,
Ungrateful Man hath nought to pay!

THE RECOVERY.

O'ER all God's attributes divine,
Mild mercy doth conſpicuous ſhine;
Throughout his works, both great and ſmall,
Mercy pervades, ſuſtains them all;
And melting mercy prompts to ſave
The life that mercy mov'd to give.
Infinite wiſdom doth deviſe
The plan, and pow'r the means ſupplies;
Love, mercy, grace, and goodneſs join
To execute the great deſign,
Wherein the bright perfections meet,
Of Deity, in union ſweet.

'Father,' the pitying Saviour cries,
'I yield myſelf a ſacrifice!
Let helpleſs ſinful Man go free,
And juſtice charge his debt to me.
I, for his ſake, will leave my throne,
And take a nature like his own;
The honors due thy law divine,
By me fulfil'd, thro' me ſhall ſhine;
My life each precept ſhall obey;
My death the penalty ſhall pay;
And ſince, by ſinning, from Man's breaſt
Thy holy Image is eras'd,
I will, by grace, a new impart,
And reinſtamp it on his heart:
I'll ſtrip off ſin's polluting dreſs,
And clothe him with my righteouſneſs.

By me reſtor'd, Man ſhall boaſt
More glories than his fall hath loſt.'

The Father, pleas'd, revokes their doom,
And takes HIM in the ſinner's room;
The Holy Spirit, juſt and true,
Conſents to form his heart anew;
Triumphant mercy cries, 'forgive,'
And juſtice bids the ſinner 'live.'

Hoſanna to th' eternal King,
The bright celeſtial armies ſing!
With ſofter notes and ſweeter lays,
They ſing the great Redeemer's praiſe;
Then ſwell the ſolemn anthem high,
And ſhout the Triune Deity.
Lo! burſting thro' the bending ſkies,
To earth a heav'nly viſion flies;
Bright angels lead the rapt'rous ſong,
And glory burſts from ev'ry tongue—
'Glory to GOD ſupreme be giv'n;
Peace reigns on earth, good will in heav'n.'

Are you redeem'd, thro' grace, to God,
Purchas'd and pardon'd by his blood?
Then all, by covenant divine,
Life, Death; nay, all things elſe, are thine!
He juſt requireth, on your part,
The free-will off'ring of your heart:
'Then let your ſweet obedience prove,
How much you owe, how much you love.'

Let ſavage monſters of the wood,
By hunger fir'd, and thirſt of blood,
Defenceleſs innocence betray,
And, ruthleſs, rend the trembling prey!
Let black aſſaſſins, of the night,
In rapine, murder, theft, delight!
Or, let the verieſt imp of ſtrife,
Deſtroy the peaceful harmleſs life!
But let no cruel paſſion move,
The breaſt inſpir'd with ſacred love.
God gives you all things, here, for uſe;
But none for torture or abuſe.
Since mercy fills the throne above,
Let us, on earth, this mercy love.

TO MISS JANE C——

SEPTEMBER 29, 1805.

SEE, deareſt Maid, each naked bough
  Expos'd by falling leaves;
Which ruſtling fly, and lightly blow
  With ev'ry paſſing breeze.

Why are they in ſuch haſte to flee,
  And quit their foſt'ring care;
Is it becauſe the mournful tree
  No golden fruit does bear;

Or does revenge Pomona fire,
  To find her honors loſt;
With ſcorching heat a plot conſpire,
  To diſappoint the froſt?

Or does wiſe Nature mean to ſhow
  She will not long afford,
Her verdant honors to the bough,
  That yields no golden hoard?

Forſaken tree! how lately clad
  In ſummer's ſparkling pride;
Thy vernal bloſſoms all are fled;
  Thy faithleſs leaves thee chide.

Oh! hadſt thou, in thy April dreſs,
  Secur'd thy ſhining ſtore,
Thy fragrant ſhade we would not miſs;
  Thy fruit would charm us more!

E'en thro' cold winter's ev'ning bleak,
We would thy honors raiſe:
The cheerful parlor thou would'ſt deck,
The ſparkling ſalvur grace.

Then will you learn this leſſon true,
From theſe neglected trees?
They who would pleaſe, muſt profit too,
Or long they will not pleaſe.

Then do not ſpend your ſpring in vain,
Nor let your bloſſoms fade,
'Till you ſecure a fruitful gain,
And leaves for future ſhade.

Do you not ſee, when ſtormy winds
And nipping froſts appear,
And kill the bud, and blaſt the ſpring,
How languid is the year!

And don't you ſee, tho' hues and flow'rs
In May do charm our ſight,
We, in warm July's ſultry hours,
In cooling ſhades delight!

And don't you ſee, tho' July's fled,
And Auguſt's ſultry beams,
We look for fruit, as well as ſhade;
For gold, as well as gems!

'Tis thus, in life's quick ſhifting ſcenes,
To changes ever prone;
And each revolving ſeaſon claims
A tribute of its own.

Wilt thou, ſweet Girl, while beauty, youth,
And ſmiling health are yours,
Chooſe virtue, piety, and truth,
Of Paradiſe the flow'rs?

O don't neglect, with watchful care,
Each op'ning bud to bind,
In wiſdom's ſacred garland fair,
Implanted in the mind.

'Then, in old age, when others fade,'
Like barren leafleſs trees,
You ſtill will bloom, yield fruit and ſhade;
You 'll profit, ſhine, and pleaſe.

A TEAR.

HOW oft the damaſk roſe conceals
A deadly bane below;
So, oft the ſnowy boſom veils
A heart replete with woe.

How oft, while glit'ring Phœbus ſmiles,
Do ſudden clouds appear;
So, oft the ſparkling eye beguiles,
And hides a ſtarting tear.

PSALM I.

THAT man doth perfect bleſſings ſhare,
Whoſe feet do never rove,
In ways ungodly men prepare;
Who hates the work they love.

He, in thy holy Law divine,
Doth place his whole delight;
And ev'ry precept pure, of thine,
Contemplates day and night.

He, like a fair and ſpreading tree,
By copious rivers ſeen,
Whoſe boughs a fragrant load ſupply,
Whoſe leaf is ever green;

Shall, in his labors find increaſe,
In gifts and graces ſhine,
Of love, of joy, of holineſs,
And righteouſneſs divine.

Not ſo, the haughty ſinner thrives;
But, like the chaff or duſt,
Which ſportive wind inſidious drives;
So periſh ſhall their truſt.

He who ungodly is, or vain,
In judgment can't appear:
The bloody, lewd, deceitful man,
Finds no admittance there.

Becauſe the Lord himſelf directs
The way, the upright go;
The ſinners' guilt and ſhame detects,
Which prove their overthrow.

EXTEMPORE,

ON BEING REQUESTED TO EXPOUND A DREAM

AND what are Dreams? Chimeras vain,
Which float thro' fancy's vagrant brain:
Thoſe airy phantoms, of the night,
At dawning reaſon take their flight.

Dreams clearly prove the ſoul can act,
Diſtinct from matter; or, abſtract;
Thro' all the realms of ſpace can rove;
Can feel, enjoy, fear, hope, and love.

But heav'n's Decrees are cloſely ſeal'd,
Or only in his Word reveal'd:
Peruſe thoſe ſacred volumes o'er;
Nor need you any viſion more.

There, would you learn his Will divine,
'Tis clearly taught in ev'ry line:
All things, beyond what theſe diſcloſe,
No man can gueſs; no angel knows.

TO MR. ——

FRIEND of my life, by heav'n deſign'd,
A guardian, bountiful and kind;
Who ev'ry needful good ſupplies,
And quells misfortunes as they riſe.

When, with my tender Infants left,
Of ev'ry human aid bereft;
O'erwhelm'd with pain, and piercing grief,
You, pitying, flew to my relief.

You felt the lonely Mourner's cares,
And wip'd the ſuff'ring Orphans' tears;
And, to the woe-worn ſinking heart,
Did pity's lenient balm impart.

When, from my Infants far remov'd,
My native home, and friends belov'd;
When, by one deſolating blow,
Death laid my blaſted comforts low;

When each ſupporting prop was gone,
And I, forſaken and alone,
By unrelenting Fate, ſevere,
Was doom'd a wand'ring Exile there;

Oppreſs'd with ſickneſs, care, and pain,
No friend to comfort or ſuſtain;
Suſpended o'er an early grave—
You *heard*; and mercy bade you ſave.

Were India's boaſted treaſures mine,
'Twould not my weighty debts remove;
But all that I poſſeſs is thine—
Unfeigned gratitude and love.

On thee I truſt, on thee depend,
My benefactor and my friend:
O may that mercy, ſhown to me,
Be, by kind heav'n, vouchſaf'd to thee.

The man who gives the hungry food,
And ſets the mourning pris'ner free;
'I am his debtor,' ſaith his God;
'Thoſe gen'rous deeds were done to me.'

When ſun, and moon, and ſtars, and ſky,
And heav'n, and earth, and time ſhall ceaſe;
Then, in the bright records on high,
His Name ſhall ſurely find a place.

'When I was hungry, thirſty, bare,
And in a dungeon dark did lie,
You cloth'd, you viſited me there,
And did my needed food ſupply.

Each kindneſs done, I will repay
(My meaneſt ſaint on earth) again;
One cup of water, giv'n away
To them, was never giv'n in vain.

Their ſuff'rings mov'd your kind regard—
Their pains, their cares, their debts are mine:
Then come, receive thy juſt reward;
A crown of endleſs life is thine.'

Such the reward they have in ſtore
('Tis God, the juſt and true, declares)
Who feed the Hungry, clothe the Poor,
And dry the ſuff'ring Stranger's tears.

EXTEMPORE,

ON GOING TO THE HOUSE OF MRS. C... WHEN SHE WAS ABSENT. SEPT. 2, 1805.

PRAY, charming ANNA, when you go
A contrary direction,
What prompts me thus to viſit you;
Is 't impulſe or attraction?

If impulſe, ſure ſome wicked ſprite
Inſpires the inclination;
And doth miſchievouſly delight,
To fill your habitation.

And if attraction does allure
So ſtrongly, in your abſence;
What muſt be your magnetic pow'r,
When you are here in ſubſtance!

TO THE ACCOMPLISHED MISS ——

SEPTEMBER 6, 1805.

SWEET DELIA, draw your tucker cloſe,
And do not needleſsly expoſe
Your boſom, like the lily fair:
It grieves my heart to ſee thoſe charms,
So form'd to bleſs a wiſe man's arms,
To vulgar eyes diſclos'd, and bare.

Sure you, my dear, need no vain art,
To captivate each gentle heart;
Adorn'd with ev'ry winning grace:
Kind Nature on your cheek beſtows,
A tint that emulates the roſe—
What charming air, and ſhape, and face!

Gay ſmiling youth, and ſpirits too,
My lovely Girl, unite in you;
Cold apathy itſelf to move.
Were you of ev'ry other charm
Bereft, your voice alone would warm,
And melt the liſt'ning Swain to love.

I own kind Nature did inveſt
Your lovely, ſnowy, ſwelling breaſt,
With all her matchleſs graces fair;
But ſly fantaſtic Fancy pries
Beneath the cambric kerchief's guiſe,
And paints ſurpaſſing beauties there!

Believe me, love, the modeſt Youth,
Whoſe boſom beats with honeſt truth,
Would deem the act profane, to view:
He would the impious thought diſown,
And gueſs your bluſhes, by his own;
And ſuch alone can merit you.

Shun faulty faſhion's ſcheme to pleaſe;
And dreſs with modeſt taſte and eaſe;
And leave to vain Coquette the prize,
To captivate each ſilly heart,
By ev'ry idle, trifling art:
Do you thoſe trifling arts deſpiſe.

TO LUCINDA.

ACCEPT theſe few imperfect lines, I ſend,
My honor'd patron, and my charming friend:
This humble eſſay bribes the vote of Fame,
Inſcrib'd with her moſt lovely fav'rite's Name.

Say, wilt thou then my rural Muſe permit
To lay her ſimple garland at thy feet?
This ſlender wreath, to merit only due,
Affection twines, and juſtice claims, for you;
And, while thy virtues grace th' aſpiring line,
Envy ſhall own the richeſt theme is mine.
Oft ſhining talents do offend her ſight,
As Owls and Bats abhor the morning light:
This pale-fac'd Vixen bathes her pointed dart
In the deep ranc'rous poiſon of her heart,
'Takes ſkilful aim; then, wing'd with blaſting breath,
More ſwift than lightning, flies the barbed death.

But baleful Envy ſhall not me inſpire!
I feel thy claims, thy merits I admire,
Eſteem thy worth; thy conduct I approve,
Thy virtues imitate, thy perſon love.

When placed Virtue, arm'd with brow ſevere,
Appears with every grave majeſtic air,
The daz'ling object, unobſcur'd and bright,
Repels our gaze, and dims our feeble ſight;
Eſteem, within our breaſts, and rev'rence, move
To ven'rate and admire; but not to love!
While virtue, by each gentle grace refin'd,
Leads captive ev'ry movement of the mind.
Thus, when bright Sol ſheds down the flaming day,
We faint and languiſh in the daz'ling ray;
But, when mild Cynthia lights the kindling ſkies,
Our ſouls expand and trace her as ſhe flies:
So virtue, with each ſoft attraction blooms,
When thy lov'd form, LUCINDA, ſhe aſſumes.

But thy lov'd form, alas! to duſt will turn,
And, mould'ring, ſink forgotten in an urn!
The world, impoveriſh'd, ſhall thy fate bemoan,
And grieve not for thy loſs, but for its own;
Shall mourn thee dead, whilſt thou ſhalt ſoar on high,
And angels hail thee welcome to the ſky;
Thy joyful ſpirit takes its wond'rous flight,
Thro' all the glitt'ring palaces of light;
Revolving worlds, with rapt'rous eyes purſue,
Then feaſt thoſe eyes with worlds and raptures new;
Thro' the vaſt planetary ſyſtem rove;
Yet theſe the ſuburbs of creation prove!
Feaſt thy capacious ſoul with knowledge bright,
And bathe in all the rivers of delight;
There mingle with the bright cherubic throng,
And ſwell the flaming ſeraphs' rapt'rous ſong!

Each friend, belov'd, whoſe loſs you now deplore,
You there ſhall meet—ſhall meet, to part no more:
Tho' doom'd in ſolitude awhile to ſigh,
You ſoon ſhall join the triumph of the ſky;
A few more years to pain and ſorrow giv'n—
Hard is the conflict—the reward is heav'n.

Celeſtial Muſe, inſpire my feeble verſe,
While I the beauties of her mind rehearſe;
Aſſiſt me to reverſe great Nature's doom,
And ſnatch, at leaſt, her mem'ry from the tomb;
O lend thy aid to paint her well-known worth,
And draw, with ſkill, each latent virtue forth.

She is not Beauty deck'd in Fancy's guiſe;
No God conceals his lightning in her eyes;
No heav'nly archers ambuſh in her ſmiles,
Nor captive deity adorns her toils;
No ſportive graces do her train compoſe,
Nor doth her bluſh outvie the morning roſe:
Yet, in the modeſt luſtre of her eye,
Her ſoul, as in a mirror, we eſpy;
Each lambent beam and kindling glance declare,
The mild majeſtic charms of goodneſs there.
Her matchleſs figure, by the niceſt rule,
A form'd in fair proportion's artful ſchool;

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Her ev'ry movement, all her graceful mein,
Reveal a conſcious dignity within;
Her manners eaſy, natural, and free
From frigid coldneſs, or looſe levity;
Her converſation, cheerful, pure, and kind,
By ſenſe is ſeaſon'd, and by wit refin'd:
Gentle ſhe is, tho' not the liſtleſs ape—
She 's gentleneſs, adorn'd in female ſhape!
She 's no inſipid and unfeeling ſoul,
Whom paſſion can't excite, or reaſon rule;
For, in her conduct, ev'ry virtue ſhines,
And ev'ry ſoft attractive grace combines.

She ſooths the aching heart, with grief oppreſt,
And draws the arrow from the wounded breaſt;
Hope ſhe inſpires, the needed aid ſupplies,
And, where ſhe can't relieve, doth ſympathize.
The Orphan's wrongs, her tender boſom moves;
Her kind regard, the lonely Suff'rer proves.
Domeſtic joys, ſhe ſtudies to increaſe,
And each domeſtic ſorrow to redreſs.
No gaudy, tinſel'd trip'ry doth ſhe wear,
To gain reſpect, or bribe a paſſing ſtare!
Yet, in her dreſs, conforms to modiſh rules—
For ſingularity 's the pride of Fools.
She hath great MILTON's female charms combin'd,
With ſtill more glowing charms, a cultur'd mind:
She makes her houſehold goods her pleaſing care,
And builds, of happineſs, the temple there.

Relentleſs Death, who human bliſs derides,
And ſouls, tho' twin'd in heav'n, on earth divides,
The ſilver cords of life aſunder parts,
And more endearing ties, of wedded hearts;
With frowning aſpect, clad in ſullen gloom,
Drag'd her lov'd Partner to an early tomb!!!
Her hopes, her joys, with him lie buried deep:
There do her fond affections ſweetly ſleep——
If ſhe has faults or foibles, they 'r unknown;
Or ſeen by the omnicient eye alone:
O'er all, Religion caſts her luſtre clear;
An humble Chriſtian, faithful and ſincere.

TO MISS ———

WHY do you ſlight the charming Youth,
Of ev'ry manly grace poſſeſt;
Whoſe looks, of dignity and truth,
Declare them inmates of his breaſt?

When will my deareſt Girl be wiſe,
And chooſe where ev'ry charm attracts?
'Tis only in LAVINIA's eyes
The good HORATIO has defects.

THE ANSWER.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

TEACH me, my Friend, to underſtand
A gen'rous, from deſigning, Man;
For I have heard wiſe people ſay,
'Moſt men are formed to betray.'

Now theſe, I think, we muſt conclude,
Are not the vulgar, rough, nor rude:
From ſuch, the modeſt Virgin flies,
And Rakes and Foplings all deſpiſe.

Deceivers muſt, I think, inherit
External grace, truth, judgment, merit—
Now tell me, SALLY, if you can,
A virtuous, from a cunning, Man.

Phyſiognomy is oft deceiving;
An art, in which I 'm unbelieving:

You muſt ſome ſafer rule point out;
And, till you do, I ſtill will doubt.

THE REPLY.

THERE 'S truth, I own, in what you
Where Delicacy rules,
A Lady, bluſhing, turns away
From Knaves, and Fops, and Fools.

Sometimes a Fool doth look ſedate,
A Coxcomb looks demure:
A knowing look and ſhallow pate
Do ſometimes meet, 'tis ſure.

But gen'rally, I think, you 'll find
The face and heart agree:
The eye 's the window of the mind,
Thro' which the ſoul we ſee.

The modeſt bluſh, a heart declares
Of Innocence the ſeat:
The ſoft'ned ſmile, the manly air,
And love and honor meet.

No man of ſenſe a flat'rer is;
No wiſe man, e'er is vain;
No good man, contumelious;
No pious man, profane.

There yet remains a certain rule,
Which may LAVINIA ſave:
No wiſe man acts the Ape or Fool;
No honeſt man, the Knave.

ON LEAVING MY PLACE OF RESIDENCE,

IN THE WEST, AND RESIGNING THE CHARGE OF MY DECEASED SISTER'S ORPHAN FAMILY, FEBRUARY 1, 1805.

FAREWEL[T] . mv once-lov'd peaceful home,
To thee [illegible] adieu:
My wayward fortune makes me roam
Far off from happineſs and you.

How various, complicate, and fine
The chords of ſenſibility,
Which round the feeling heart entwine,
And wake the ſoul to ſympathy!

My tender, kind, parental Friend,*
Farewell—Alas! I muſt depart;
And, with my laſt adieu, I ſend
A faithful meſſenger—my heart.

Tho' rapid rivers proudly roll,
And lofty mountains ſcale the ſkies,
Between us; yet, around my ſoul
Your image twines, by ſacred ties.

Ye objects of my tender cares,
Ye ſmiling orphan Babes, adieu:
My eyes, ſuffus'd in mournful tears,
Weep out their laſt farewell to you.

* THE REV. T. M.

Ye faithful Friends I leave behind,
The ſilken chords of mutual love
Time can't, nor diſtance, e'er unbind;
They length'ning twiſt, at each remove

How oft, beneath yon grove of oak,
While Cynthia ſhed her ſilver ray,
Did I the ſylvan Muſe invoke;
There lonely ſung my woe-worn lay!

How oft, delighted, have I ſtood,
And mark'd each youthful ſcholar's fea
Whoſe ſportive glee, thro' yonder wood,
Call'd ECHO from each deep retreat!

Collected on yon verdant moſs,
Some ſipt, in mimic ſtate, their tea:
Others, the bounding ball did toſs;
Or gallop'd on the bended tree.

How oft my rural Cottage dreſt,
With ſimple taſte and vernal flow'rs,
To entertain the friendly Gueſt,
Whoſe converſe charm'd the fleeting h

Ye ſoothing melancholy train,
Gloomy ideas haſte away;
Nor my too feeble boſom pain,
To ev'ry tender care a prey.

For now my ling'ring ſteps I bend
Towards the diſtant mountains high,
Whoſe lofty pinnacles aſcend,
In ſtern defiance, to the ſky.

In vain, ſome ſolid good to find,
We rove the wide creation thro':
A virtuous, pure, contented mind,
Alone can laſting bliſs beſtow.

O Happineſs, where is thy court—
Thou object ſought with anxious care—
Where do thy votaries reſort?
That I may ſeek, and find thee there.

When Innocence, thy ſiſter fair,
From Eden's peaceful groves was driv'n,
Thou left thy once-lov'd manſion there,
And reaſcended into heav'n.

But, as thy lovely form aroſe,
To ſeek a manſion more refin'd;
To eaſe the pangs of mortal woes,
Propitious Hope remain'd behind.

A winged ſhadow, freſh and fair,
Endow'd with each deluſive charm,
To baniſh ſorrow, pain, and care,
'And Fate's ſevereſt pow'r diſarm;'

We ſwift purſue—the phantom flies—
We eager graſp the heav'nly maid:
The ſubſtance dwells above the ſkies;
And we, alas! embrace the ſhade.

Capricious goddeſs, o'er my heart
Thy lenient influence gently pour——
My Friends belov'd, tho' now we part,
We ſoon ſhall meet—to part no more.

A MORNING SONG.

MAY 2, 1805.

AURORA, bluſhing in her bow'r,
Unlocks the eaſtern gate of day,
And ſheds a ſoft pellucid ſhow'r
Of liquid pearl, o'er ev'ry ſpray.

Each friz'led buſh is deck'd profuſe,
With glitt'ring pendants thickly ſown;
Each ſpire of graſs, with ſilver dews
Surcharged, bendeth lowly down.

The healthful gale and ſwelling breeze
Waft gently o'er the verdant field,
And thro' the ſportive air conveys
The incenſe ev'ry ſhrub doth yield.

The damaſk roſebud, newly blown,
Sheds thro' the groves a rich perfume;
Ambroſial fragrance, all around,
Exhales from ev'ry op'ning bloom.

The lordly Cock, with clarion voice,
Proclaims the riſing orb of day;
With ſounding pinions doth rejoice,
And hails his firſt auſpicious ray.

The cheerful Lark, on ſoaring wings,
Mounts ſwiftly up the morning ſky;
Her anthem ſweet, inſtinctive ſings
To HIM who nerves her wings to fly.

The lowing herds forſake their bed,
And haſte to bronze the fragrant fields;
Or crop the herbage which the mead,
Spontaneous, in its ſeaſon yields.

The aerial ſongſters of the grove
Now warble forth their ſweeteſt ſtrains:
The untaught tale of artleſs love
Re-echoes round the verdant plains.

The murm'ring Bees forſake their cell,
And haſte to ſtore their waxen dome;
With art, by inſtinct taught, diſtil
Rich treaſures for the honey-comb.

Now buxom Health, with fearleſs air,
Traverſes o'er the dewy lawn;
Her cheeks a bluſh celeſtial wear;
Her eyes add glories to the dawn.

While dancing ſpirits lightly play,
In crimſon channels, round her heart;
From thence, in cheerful currents, ſtray
Pure life and vigor thro' each part.

Now Innocence, ſweet rural maid,
Who loves to haunt the ſylvan ſcenes,
In conſcious dignity array'd,
Glides ſoftly o'er the peaceful plains.

She knows no ill, ſhe fears no harm;
With boſom bare, unbluſhing goes:
Her faultleſs form, each native charm,
Her ſnowy robe, tranſparent, ſhows.

Contentment follows her, whoſe air
(Serenely ſoft, with artleſs eaſe)
Beſpeaks a heart unknown to care;
The ſeat of virtue, joy, and peace.

The riſing ſun, with radiance crown'd,
In beaming ſplendor mounts the ſky,
And ſheds his matchleſs rays around,
Inſpiring ev'ry heart with joy.

All Nature owns his ſov'reign ſway;
The herbs and flow'rs, beneath his beam,
Hang down their penſive heads, and pay,
Obſequiouſly, their dews to him.

With kindling blaze, aloft he ſoars—
Flings bright refulgence from his car!
Then richly, from his boſom, pours
A flood of glory from afar.

What then art THOU, who paints his beam,
And hurls him flaming thro' the ſkies!
His orb ſuſtains, and feeds his flame;
Bids when to ſet, and when to riſe?

'Tis thou who makes the morning ſhine;
'Tis thou who ſheds the ſilver dew:
Thou Soul immenſe, thou ſource divine,
Of goodneſs, grace, and beauty too!

THE RECOLLECTION.

DONEGAL, JUNE 9, 1805.

FRIEND of my ſoul (unfeign'dly lov'd,
Faithful and kind) a long adieu:
My heart, tho' far from thee remov'd,
Recalls the hours I ſpent with you.

Tho' I no more behold thy face,
No more thy pleaſing accents hear;
Yet, while affection holds its place,
I 'll trace each ſweet reſemblance there.

Ah! fleeting hours, in vain your haſte
I mourn; your ſhort-liv'd ſtay deplore;
For you are fled, forever paſt;
But mem'ry doth the paſt reſtore.

With grace majeſtic, ſolemn, ſweet,
Riſing, his rev'rend form I ſpy;
His face mild virtues animate,
And genius kindles in his eye.

The ſacred Book in his left hand,
Whoſe precepts pureſt peace impart;
His right doth gracefully extend,
And point each ſentence to the heart.

His lips drop eloquence and grace,
In reaſon's garb, profound and ſtrong;
Fair truth aſſumes her radiant dreſs
Arrayed by —— ——'s charming tongue.

He bids the ſlumb'ring conſcience riſe,
From darkneſs clears the mental ray;
'Seizes the ſoul, by ſweet ſurpriſe,'
And ev'ry faculty doth ſway.

The will he woos, the judgment gains,
Affection's fineſt ſprings doth move;
While, with a ſkill divine, he paints
Redeeming grace, and dying LOVE.

He boldly lifts the new-fleg'd mind
On contemplation's pinions broad;
While, wing'd with faith and love divine,
She ſoars, and centres in her God.

Not with a languid feeble gleam,
Or doubtful quiv'ring ray, obſcure,
He ſkilful feeds the kind'ling flame
Of warm devotion, chaſte and pure;

While anxious thouſands 'round repair
(The learn'd, the aged, and the young)
Admiring, lend a liſt'ning ear
To truth delightful from his tongue.

Say, mighty genius, whence that art,
Reſiſtleſs, unconfin'd as air;
Who doth thy ideas bright impart;
Thy poliſh'd language, who prepare?

Is it by learned authors taught;
By Nature giv'n; by practice learn'd;
Or by celeſtial ſpirits brought,
Or ſcientific ſtudies earn'd?

All of theſe, and more by far,
Adorn'd by grace, by gifts divine——
Poliſh'd ſhaft, prepar'd, you are,
In God's own quiver plac'd to ſhine.

TO A FRIEND,

'BIT WITH THE ITCH OF SCRIBBLING' VERSES.

MY muſical Frind, I perceive you incline
To gather the ſprigs of Parnaſſus;
But the Muſes, to hinder the daring deſign,
Have refuſed to lend you Pegaſſus.

Conſider, I pray you, ſince PALLAS has flown,
E'en JUPITER's brains are but hollow;
And PYRENÆUS's fate has determin'd your own,
If, without her aſſiſtance, you follow.

TO THE SAME.

YOUR Muſic, ſo charming, melodius, and ſweet,
My ſenſes o'erpower, 'till my eyelaſhes meet:
Had ORPHEUS (my Friend) but performed as you do,
When ſeeking his Bride, in the kingdom of PLUTO,
The Spectres infernal, with hideous roaring,
Forgetting to dance, would have fallen a ſnoring!

WHAT ſolemn awe-inſpiring gloom,
Pervades the conſecrated tomb!
Here, tyrant Death, triumphant reigns;
And ſad and ſilent ſtate maintains:
Here uncontroul'd, ſupreme, alone,
Sways the vaſt ſceptre of his throne;
Here, ſpreads his trophies far and wide,
And pours contempt on human pride.
Here, great and ſmall promiſcuous meet,
And pay their homage, at his feet:
The boaſted Sons of wealth and fame,
Inglorious, drop their ſounding Name,
And, 'all is vanity,' proclaim!
The wiſe, the learned, and the rude,
Are, by his mighty arm, ſubdu'd;
The lofty Bard, whoſe ſhining page,
Tranſmits his Name to ev'ry age;
The Warrior, us'd to feats of arms,
Whoſe Name fill'd Nations with alarms;
With Madmen, Fools, and Cowards blend
Alike their origin, and end!
The aged, middle-ag'd, and young,
His gloomy court promiſcuous throng;
To ſwell the iron Monarch's ſtate,
Nobles muſt bow, and King's ſubmit:
None can elude the Tyrant's ſkill;
Nor can reſiſt his potent will!

As thro' his dreary realms I ſtray,
I feel his melancholy ſway;

With cautious ſteps, unſeen, I tread,
Thoſe ſilent manſions of the Dead;
And aſk each marble as I go,
Who lies, in mournful ſtate, below?

Mould'ring in rottoneſs, here lies
Heads ſtately, beautiful, and wiſe;
Obſcur'd within the loathſome grave,
No proud diſtinction claim, nor have!
The oppreſſed, and oppreſſing, here,
Alike they lodge, alike they fare:
Here, high and low, and rich and poor,
Maſter, and Slave, are known no more.

Here, wealth and honor loſe their claims;
Ambition drops its airy dreams:
Paſſion and pride, here cannot come;
Nor flatt'ry penetrate the tomb.

Here, mighty genius hangs its head;
Science is vanquiſh'd, wiſdom 's fled:
Ev'n friendſhip fails; virtue is done;
And ſacred piety unknown.
All-conquering beauty ſinks beneath,
And adds deformity to death.

Here BELLA, whom each charm endow'd,
Lies muffled in the ghaſtly ſhroud—
No flatt'ring glaſs, no poliſh'd arts
Diſplay her graces—point her darts;
No ſervile croud around her throng,
To gaze, tranſported by her tongue;
No graces ambuſh in her ſmiles,
Nor captive god adorns her toils—

REFLECTIONS IN A CHURCH-YARD.

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Pervades the conſecrated tomb!
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No ſervile croud around her throng,
To gaze, tranſported by her tongue;
No graces ambuſh in her ſmiles,
Nor captive god adorns her toils—

Sunk are the eyes, whoſe piercing ray
Eclips'd the radient orb of day:
No more their lovely beams ſhall fire
The youthful breaſt with chaſte deſire;
Extinct is ev'ry vivid gleam,
And all their matchleſs glories dim!

The faded cheek, how livid grown,
Where late the live carnation ſhone!
Thoſe lips have loſt their tempting red;
And ev'ry dimpled charm is fled!
The tow'ring neck, the ſwelling breaſt,
Corruption covers, worms inveſt!
The winning air, the poliſh'd grace,
Have fled this ſcene of rottenneſs:
The fair reſiſtleſs melting form,
Now feeds the all-corroding worm.

Relentleſs Death, what potent charm
Can thy vindictive rage diſarm?
Who can elude thy fatal blow,
Which lays the pride of Nature low!
Muſt I too yield, and meet my doom,
And ſink forgotten in the tomb!

'You ſhall,' a voice proclaims from high;
All that have breath are born to die:
Quickly thy fleeting time is ſpent,
And you ſhall be what you lament.
Three-ſcore and ten (a ſpan at moſt)
Are all the years that Mortals boaſt!
Survey thoſe gloomy records o'er;
They tell you who have gone before!

Why do you tremble; why afraid
To mingle with the peaceful Dead?
Tell me, on earth, what elſe there are,
But trouble, vanity and care!
Death, ſtript of all his falſe diſguiſe,
Is a fair angel of the ſkies,
Sent, from the ſhining courts above,
On gentle meſſages of love.

'Tis conſcious guilt that ſpreads alarms,
And Death, with awful terror, arms!
But, to the virtuous pious breaſt,
He comes in ſmiles celeſtial dreſt.
'Tis Faith alone repels his dart,
And guards ſecure the upright heart.
Faith is the key, divinely bright,
That opes the gates of endleſs light.

Here the poor mortal body lies;
'Till angels call it to the ſkies.
No ſin, or ſorrow, pain, or care,
Diſturb its peaceful ſlumbers here;
No billows of temptation roll,
To overwhelm the ſinking ſoul:
Arch-angels hover round the juſt,
And guard, ſecure, their ſlumb'ring duſt.
Their Lord deſcended to the tomb;
And left a ſweet, a long perfume.
His everlaſting LOVE doth keep,
Support, defend them, while they ſleep.

But, when the trumpet ſhakes the ſkies,
Bids Earth retire—the Dead ariſe!

Then, deck'd in bright celeſtial bloom,
They 'll riſe, immortals, from the tomb;
Then, at a ſolemn ſignal giv'n,
Triumphantly they 'll ſoar to heav'n;
There join the happy choir above,
Where all is harmony and love;
Where trees of life immortal grow,
And copious ſeas of pleaſure flow;
Where groves of bliſs, celeſtial bow'rs,
Yield laſting fruits, unfading flow'rs;
Where ſaints and angels ſweetly join,
And tune their harps to LOVE divine;
Where God unveils his ſhining face,
And all the riches of his grace—
Which, to admire, adore, and praiſe,
Demands eternal length of days!!!

A LANDSCAPE.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1805.

THE evening's mild; but juſt a ſhiv'ring breeze
Doth gently whiſper thro' the willow trees:
No chilling damps, nor baneful dews, are here;
No agues now we feel, nor fevers fear;
No nipping froſts congeal the vital flood;
All things conſpire to tempt my ſteps abroad.
The ſun is not yet ſet; but, with its rays,
Declining, gilds the ſcene with ſofter blaze;
And decorates the weſtern ſky with light,
Beyond meridian ſplendor, dazzling bright.
The fleecy clouds are ting'd with ev'ry hue,
And float, fantaſtic, o'er th' etherial blue:
A ſolemn grandeur gilds the falling day,
And all ſurrounding Nature owns its ſway.

O, for a Friend, to ſhare my rural walk,
And charm the ev'ning hours with pleaſing talk!
Whoſe ſoul, to mine akin, could well define
The ideal embryo, forming in my mind;
Whoſe riſing thoughts, by language pure expreſs'd,
Pourtray'd th' exact reſemblance in my breaſt.
ALTAMONT,* ſuch thou waſt—the Friend ſincere,
Whoſe abſence claims, from my full heart, a tear:
This heart, inur'd to grief, when thou waſt by,
Reſign'd its ſorrows, and forgot to ſigh;
Then felt the ſympathetic charms that bind,
In ſep'rate breaſts, one individual Mind.
But thou art gone! Now melancholy reigns,
And dark dominion o'er my ſoul maintains!
My penſive Muſe folds up each drooping wing;
No more ſhe ſoars—no more attempts to ſing:

* The fictitious Name of a highly-respected Gentleman.

For now, bereft, forſaken, and alone,
Her Guide, her Counſellor, her Friend is gone!

But, hark! my ear doth catch a ſound moſt ſweet;
It iſſues from behind yon folding gate;
There young PHILANDER ſtrikes the ſylvan lyre,
And, thro' the air, the ſwelling notes aſpire;
The mournful cadence dies along the plain,
Or echoes back, in ſwelling notes, again.
Muſic has charms to wake the dormant ſoul,
Exalt her pow'rs, her paſſions all control;
Raiſe her from earth, and waft her high above,
And fill the ſavage breaſt with pity, joy, and love;
Expel ambition from the nobleſt heart,
Bid envy, pain, and wrankling care depart.

Cloſe by PHILANDER's ſide his Dog doth lie,
And keeps intruders, all, from coming nigh:
Himſelf the Hoſt; his Maſter deems the gueſt;
And, pleaſed, joys to ſee another bleſt.

O! Innocence and Peace, how light 's the heart,
Where you your never-failing balm impart;
Where ſportive youth and ſmiling genius meet,
And cheerful health, and friendſhip, ſtill more ſweet:
Where theſe unite, if not quite Paradiſe,
On earth, at leaſt they antedate its bliſs.
And theſe, PHILANDER, theſe are all thy own;
The ills of life, to thee, are all unknown:
O may you ſtill, from all thoſe ills be free,
And your long life, a laſting bleſſing be.

With ſolitary ſtep I paſs, unſeen,
Beneath two rows of trees, whoſe mantle green
Is chang'd for ſpotted leaves of ev'ry hue;
And theſe are falling from each with'ring bough.
The early froſt, the infant ſeaſon foil'd;
Ill-natur'd April, Autumn's treaſure ſpoil'd.
Nature, this year, deny'd the pleaſing gift;
But ſtill we have a thouſand richer left.
On ev'ry hand, doth jocund plenty ſhine;
And ev'ry ſeaſon's mark'd with LOVE divine.

E'en ſo, did adverſe Fortune early blaſt
My infant Spring, and all my joys o'ercaſt:
E'en ſo, my Summer ſpent in fruitleſs hopes,
Affliction ſcorches, and my verdure drops!
In vain I try each gentle art to break
Her iron yoke from off my weary neck;
In vain I try her heavy chain to bear;
My ſpirit ſinks, a prey to dark deſpair.

No more I 'll ſtrive to 'ſcape the pond'rous load;
Reſign'd, I 'll ſeek a refuge in my God:
'In him, the Weary find eternal reſt;
And all the ſons of grief and pain are bleſt.'
O! may my follies fall with Autumn's wind,
And not one vanity remain behind;
Then, if my life to Winter ſhould extend,
Grant all I aſk—Contentment and a Friend;
Like thee, ALTAMONT, faithful and refin'd,
At once the eye and mirror of the mind;
Whoſe artleſs wiſdom, piety ſincere,
Thy life the nobleſt comment doth declare.
To imitate, in vain, my heart aſpires:
It doth not envy; but it much admires.

With diſappointment ſick, I quit the throng,
Condemn the vain, cenſure the gay and young;
And ſeek the lonely ſhade; and there, reclin'd,
I tell my ſorrows to the paſſing wind.
When time and all its glitt'ring toys are o'er,
And I 'm ſafe landed on th' eternal ſhore;
Then ſhall the bright records of heaven ſhow
How God, in wiſdom, governs all below.

On either hand, are ſmiling meadows gay,
Where fatt'ned herds their clumſy gambols play;
The loit'ring Cowboy ſlowly moves along,
And cheers the ev'ning with a ruſtic ſong.
Yonder the Farmer pulls his Indian Corn,
Which, neatly huſk'd, is to his wagon borne;
Then home convey'd, in Winter to ſupply
The briſtly tenants of his hurdled ſtye.

While Dame, juſt riſen from her ſounding wheel,
From Brindley's udder, fills her foaming pail.

Around their humble habitation's ſeen
A frugal plenty, with induſtrious mein;
The ſunny walls, a row of Beehives guard;
And many a kind of Poultry fills the yard;
Their little Garden's plentifully ſtor'd
With roots and cabbage, for a Winter hoard;
Their Barn is ſmall, and room ſufficient lacks
To hold their wheat; it's neatly built in ſtacks;
A Dairy, neat and clean, with plenty flows,
O'er which a willow-tree conſpicuous grows;
Their Meadow, ſmooth and green as velvet, ſhines,
Where linen, white as ſnow, hangs on the lines.
No plodding State affairs diſturb their mind:
Their griefs and joys are of domeſtic kind.
From theſe no ſtate, no ſtage, no mind is free:
Kings, Clowns, Courts, Cottages in this agree.
Along, thro' gay luxuriant meads, I paſs,
Where flock and herds are friſking o'er the graſs:
The variegated ſcene delights my eye,
And tunes my heart's beſt chord to grateful joy.

What various bleſſings Nature's Author ſhow'rs
On thee, Columbia, from his ample ſtores!
Here Science, Freedom, Peace, and Arts delight;
Trades, Commerce, Agriculture, all unite;
Whate'er rich Europe, or wild Aſia, yields,
And bleſt Arabia's ſweet ſpicy fields;
The world's great Grannary's thy rightful boaſt—
A ſhelter, from Oppreſſion, is thy coaſt:
With lofty trees thy ample foreſts groan,
And Nature's nobleſt bounties are thy own.
Thy Sons, bold, active, generous, and kind,
Thy Daughters virtuous, lovely, and refin'd:
Enlighten'd Statesmen do thy Laws deviſe;
To guard thy Rights is JEFFERSON, the wiſe.
Happy at home, reſpected from abroad,
Thy motto's Liberty—thy ſovreign's God.

O, my dear Brethren, let not Party-zeal
E'er interrupt the Happineſs you feel!

United, you all kingly Pow'r deſpiſe—
Your public Servants being good and wiſe:
But, ſeparated, fall an eaſy prey
To envious Foes, who watch you to betray!

Remember, when your infant Country ſtood,
And ſeal'd your charter with her richeſt blood;
Your time and talents in her pending cauſe;
Heads, hands, and hearts employ'd to guard her Laws:
United, as one individual ſoul,
Life, fortune, friends—your Country claim'd the whole.
'Twas then thoſe boaſted Sov'reigns of the ſea,
BRITANIA's vanquiſh'd Legions own'd your ſway;
Whoſe Name, thro' ev'ry Nation ſpread Alarms,
And aw'd the world with terror of her arms;
Her braveſt Gen'rals, ſtrangers all to fear—
Were fought, were conquer'd—were unlaurel'd here!!!
Then do not meanly, for your private gains,
Diſſolve the Union, which our Peace maintains;
But drive thoſe Leeches from the Chair of State,
Who ſuck her vitals, and Diſcord create;
And do not blot your Names with black diſgrace,
Nor bribe the Curſes of an unborn race.
Conſider, Friends, the faithful page of Fame,
To future ages will tranſmit your Name:
Act well your parts, and win the Poet's bay;
Nor be the Macaroni in his Play.
No ſtation, from his faithful Pen can ſcreen;
Heroes and Kings muſt ſtoop to grace his ſcene:
E'en Stateſmen, ſometimes, enter on the ſtage,
The Tyrants, or the Traitors, of the age.
Then join your heads and hearts to guard, with care,
The bleſſings Heav'n, all-bounteous, grants us here.

But hark! what ſound, borne on the ſwelling breeze,
Salutes my ear, and murmurs thro' the trees!
Perhaps ſome abſent Friends—my heart beats high!
To welcome them, it feel unfeigned joy.
Sweet intercourſe, what pleaſures from thee flow,
To heighten all our happineſs below!
No rigid rules, nor ſenſeleſs forms, prevail;
But ev'ry member hangs in even ſcale

And fair equality—for ev'ry Gueſt,
By you invited, on a level's plac'd.
Good ſenſe and breeding ever ſhould preſide
O'er all your converſe, and your conduct guide;
While each, his diff'rent talent doth impart,
Soul meets with ſoul, and heart unites to heart.

But let no dire detraction ſtain your tongue;
Expoſe no perſon, ſpeak no ſentence wrong:
To carry ſcandal, never condeſcend;
Never betray the ſecrets of a Friend.
Be ever careful, not to pain the breaſt
Wounded by fortune, or by ſorrow preſt:
The ſlighteſt touches deepeſt pangs impart,
Which thrill thro' ev'ry fibre of the heart.
Let no one's foibles e'er provoke your wit—
All elſe, but ſerious jeſts, we can forget.
Let no indecent mirth have any place—
A Lie is infamous: Deceit is baſe.
This way, a ſtrange magnetic impulſe draws;
But ſtop——with reverential awe, I pauſe!

Let no vain thought, nor impious paſſion, move
My breaſt, while I approach the ſacred grove—
That ſacred grove——My deareſt abſent Friend
Did there the hours in meditation ſpend.
The toilſome Cares of life, awhile ſuppreſs'd,
'Twas here Religion calm'd his troubled breaſt.
How oft, by glimm'ring moonlight, have I trac'd
His image here, by mimic Fancy dreſs'd!
How oft his ſupplicating voice I hear,
Invoking God, by fervent humble pray'r,
To crown his bleſſings with redeeming LOVE,
And draw, by cords of grace, our hearts above!

Yonder the mountain's tops majeſtic riſe,
Which ſeem to penetrate the op'ning ſkies;
Along whoſe brows the fleecy clouds do ſwim,
Whoſe ſilver edges catch the lucid beam;
And, while the Moon diſtributes beamy rays,
Theſe ſkirt the horizon with fainter blaze.

This ſight, my Friends, recalls remembrance dear,
And, from my longing heart, extracts a tear;
It repreſents the cloud-capt mountains high,
Which ſeparate my weſtern Friends from me.
Friend of my heart, thoſe lofty mountains do,
Unkindly, ſeparate me far from you!
Who now ſhall raiſe my grov'ling genius high?
Who teach my feeble pinions how to fly?
Who now ſhall prune my too advent'rous wing;
Inſpire my note; or liſten while I ſing?
Now, lowly flut'ring on the ſordid ground,
My uſeleſs plumes lie ſcatter'd all around.

Come back, my wayward heart; no more complain;
For here your deareſt kindred do remain;
And here careſſing Friends to thee are giv'n,
With all the kind indulgencies of Heav'n.
Your God is here! Behold, his potent breath
Has ſtruck the vegetable world with death!
See yonder tree, that late the tempeſt ſtood,
And ſpread its branching honors o'er the wood;
Now, daſh'd in ſcatter'd ſplinters all around,
And all its verdure with'ring on the ground:
Nay, e'en its very roots are heav'd on high,
And hang ſuſpended on each neighb'ring tree;
The thunderbolts, in flaming vollies hurl'd,
Unto her centre ſhook the trembling world!

'Tis true, I own, in ev'ry day and hour
I am ſurrounded with Almighty Pow'r!
Abroad, at home, in morn, or evening fair,
I am protected by Almighty Care!
By day and night, I ev'ry moment prove
The repetition of Almighty Love!
Let not my anxious heart then dare repine,
Since God is ever preſent, ever kind.
He, by his pow'r, the univerſe ſuſtains;
Upon his Will, earth's ſtrong foundation leans.
I ſee his glory beaming in the Moon;
And ev'ry ſtar doth make his wiſdom known:

The ample ſky and vaulted arch do ſhow
A God above——I feel a God below!
In him I am, and move, and have my breath:
His Providence wards off ſurrounding Death.
Yon falling Acorn would, by his decree,
Prove the ſure meſſenger of Death to me.

But, hark! the Houſemaid calls—I muſt away—
The Supper waits——Her ſummons I obey.
How can I go? and not ſo much as ſing
An humble Anthem to my God and King!
Since, in his Temple, I have dar'd to ſtray,
Have I no off'ring at his feet to lay?
Tho' angels praiſe him, with ſeraphic tongues;
From Heav'n he ſtoops, to hear our humble ſongs!!!

DERNE.

DEDICATED TO HIS EXCELLENCY GEN. EATON.

OCTOBER 7, 1805.

RICH with the blood of many a Hero ſlain,
Columbia, let me hail thee once again!
Heroes thy own, whoſe Names conſpire to ſwell
The bright records of fame, and glory's annals fill;
Heroes indeed (for whoſe immortal brows,
Unfading laurels do a wreath compoſe,
Pluck'd freſh, and reeking on th' enſanguin'd field)
Who bled——and balm their bleeding Country heal'd.

Tho' theſe, by Heav'n's decree, ſupreme and good,
Have ſeal'd thy peace and glory with their blood;
Yet the ſame fire, and patriotic mind,
Glows in the ardent breaſts they left behind;
And all thy freeborn Sons, Columbia, prove
Their ſouls inſpired with their Country's love;
And ſhare the virtuous animating flame,
That doth immortalize the honor'd Name,
And warm'd the boſom of thy fav'rite Son,
The great, the good, the glorious WASHINGTON.
Guided by Liberty's effulgent ſtar,
He led thy Sons thro' all the ſtorms of War;
He fought, he conquer'd, in his Country's cauſe,
And ſtood the bulwark of thy injur'd laws:
He met th' embattled legions on the plain,
And dearly ſold the ſoil he won again;
Or ſtood their fierceſt fire, and ſcorn'd to yield,
'Till Britain's legions fled the crimſon'd field.

As doth ſome lofty tow'r unſhaken ſtand,
While furious winds and rattling ſtorms deſcend,
Immovable and firm, amidſt the ſhock,
While cities from their ſtrong foundations rock;
Aloft, impregnable, it rears its head,
Repels the tempeſt, and extends its ſhade:

So firm, unmov'd, thy WASHINGTON remain'd;
Thy Rights he guarded; and thy Wrongs aveng'd.
Mild, cool, collected, affable, and bold;
His ardent genius, ſtronger judgment rul'd.
No diffiiculties great, nor dangers dire,
Baffled his counſels, or e'er damp'd his fire.
Great, without pomp; without ambition, juſt;
His Cauſe was right'ous, and his God his truſt.
His dauntleſs ſoul, in Virtue firm and free
From ev'ry taint, beat high for Liberty;
And as a gallant ſhip, that nobly braves
Th' united fury of the winds and waves,
With ſails expanded, cuts her dang'rous way,
And makes her port, o'er all the raging ſea:
Juſt ſo, thy WASHINGTON, ſerene and mild
To glory led——at death and danger ſmil'd.

But he is gone———No longer his large ſoul,
Sublime, mature, could earthly bonds control;
But nature burſt—his ſpirit ſoar'd on high,
To join its kindred ſpirits of the ſky:
And now it has full ſcope, in thoſe bleſt bow'rs,
T' expand and exerciſe its mighty pow'rs.
He baſks in rays of glory now divine,
And all his virtues in perfection ſhine.
The Hero's dead——his weeping Country cries——
While Angels ſhout him welcome to the ſkies!
Celeſtial guards attended, as he flew,
And ev'ry heavenly harp was tun'd anew.
Thro' all th' empyreal coaſts glad triumph reigns,
And rapture, all divine, flows in immortal ſtrains.
Where pearly gates on golden hinges move,
He ſwells the anthem of redeeming LOVE;
There crown'd with bliſs, which, feebly to define,
Demands, my ſoaring Muſe, a ſkill divine.

But huſh, Columbia, wipe thy falling tears,
Behold! great JEFFERSON, the wiſe, appears;
And, as the Sun's diffuſive ſplendor bright,
Gilds all our hemiſphere, with dazz'ling light;
Infuſing life and vigor, with each ray,
And, from on high, pours down a flood of day:

So comes thy JEFFERSON, to thy relief;
And, from thy breaſt, diſpels the clouds of grief.
At his approach, each Demon of the night
Slinks to its cell, or takes its laſting flight.
Thy Rights he guards, and props thy growing Fame;
Extends thy Charter, and exalts thy Name.
The ornament and darling of the age;
The Patriot, Philanthropiſt, and Sage.
With philoſophic ſtores, his ample mind,
Enlarg'd, enlighten'd, purify'd, refin'd;
By Reaſon guided, and by Virtue's laws,
Acquires his Country's glory and applauſe.
Long may he live, the guardian of thy States,
And ſhare the bleſſings he communicates;
And when, at laſt, his radiant courſe is run,
Like ſome declining orb, or ſetting ſun,
A broader beam, a brighter glory caſt;
And, 'midſt the dazz'ling ray, ſhine out his laſt.

When his enlighten'd ſoul, got looſe from clay,
Thro' glitt'ring worlds, ſhall wing her airy way;
View other planets, ſee another ſun,
Revolving ſyſtems, regions vaſt, unknown;
Yet, leave theſe rolling wonders far behind—
No manſion's for the diſembodied mind—
But wing, with utmoſt ſpeed, her ſoaring flight,
To the pure realms of uncreated light:
Then the illumin'd, philoſophic Man,
Shall all the wonders of Creation ſcan;
Give each enlarged faculty employ,
And bliſsful wiſdom ſhare, without alloy.

Then WASHINGTONS, and JEFFERSONS, unborn,
Shall future years with future beams adorn——
Forgive the Muſe, ye unimpaſſion'd ſouls;
Nor cloy her pinions with your leaden rules:
Know, tho' your nerves were never form'd to fly
Beyond the limits of yon circling ſky,
She, dreadleſs, traverſes the realms of light,
Where faith drops off her wings, and turns to ſight;
And, while ſhe ſings of thy beloved Sires,
Columbia, all her throbbing genius fires.

When WASHINGTON, the great, did ſoar on high,
His warlike ſpirit, EATON, dropt on thee.
'Twas thine to meet the Battle, when it rag'd;
To fill the gap, where armed hoſts engag'd;
To ſtem the torrent of Barbarian heat,
And teach the haughty Nation to ſubmit;
To teach our foes, their threats we do deſpiſe;
Nor own a Lord, but one above the ſkies.
'Twas thine, with thy victorious little band,
To give thy Brethren to their native land;
On Barbary's Coaſt thy Country's Flag unfurl,
And bear Columbia's thunders round the world;
To ſpread the terror of her arms afar,
And teach Arabian Kings the Rights of War;
To lay the pride of haughty Tyrants low,
And gain immortal laurels for thy brow.

Is there a heart ſo cold, as not to feel
The animating glow of grateful zeal?
But Freedom ſcorns with indolence to ſtay,
And from the baſe and timid flies away.
At home, wiſe JEFFERSON defends her Laws—
Abroad, brave EATON vindicates her Cauſe.
Methinks I ſee him lead his little band,
And drive her foes thro' Lybia's burning ſand;
Expos'd to famine, rapine, plague, and ſtorms—
A thouſand deaths in all their horrid forms—
Undaunted fight thy way, thro' Pagans ſtern,
And armed legions, to the walls of Derne;
While his brave Heroes—ſtrangers all to fear—
Reſolve on glorious death, or vict'ry there:
While the ſame ardent ſpirit in them reigns,
That flow'd ſpontaneous in their Fathers' veins,
When they their Country's bonds aſunder broke,
And freed Columbia from the Britiſh Yoke!

Methinks I ſee him haul the pond'rous Gun,
Up Ocean's barrier, by the midnight Moon.
With trembling dread, I hear the dire alarms,
The thund'ring Cannons ſummon all to arms!
Launch'd from the ſhips, the winged lightnings play,
And ſtrew, with mangled Dead, their flaming way:

Fire anſwers fire, and groan re-echoes groan;
While Mars and Death ſurvey the field around;
And ſmoke and flame, in mingled vollies riſe,
Thro' ſtreaming air; and dim the troubled ſkies!
Suſpended Victory hangs in even ſcales;
Tho' either woos her—neither ſide prevails.
Quite undiſmay'd, Columbia's warlike Son
Leads the loud thund'ring tempeſt fiercely on;
Within whoſe conſecrated breaſt, refin'd,
His Country's honor is ſecurely 'ſhrin'd.
His Country's glory, free from ev'ry ſtain,
His death will poliſh, or his life maintain.

Commiſſion'd Death thro' all their legions hies,
And, panic-ſtruck, th' affrighted Pagan flies;
Their Chief, amaz'd, cry'd out, 'theſe Devils are
Come from the Pit below, to fight us here:
For, ſure, no mortal Men ſuch War could wage;
None but Infernals do poſſeſs ſuch rage.'
How vain the thought! The God of armies, bright,
Sits on a dazzling throne of pow'r and might:
'Tis he who intercepts the flying ball,
And makes it at thy feet inglorious fall;
Nor will he ſuffer thy rich blood to grace
Th' unhallow'd ſhores of this Barbarian race;
Who, thick as ſwarms of ſummer-inſects, fly
Around thee, and like ſummer-inſects die.

Go, cruel Nation, heap the pond'rous load,
Or ſcourge theſe Chriſtians with the whip, or goad;
Go, make thoſe Galley-ſlaves your will obey;
Or, chain'd in dungeons, hide them from the day;
Improve on torture, and invent new woes——
Now EATON pays you what Columbia owes.

She ſuffers long, is merciful and wiſe,
And ev'ry mild perſuaſive meaſures tries:
But mercy, long provok'd, and kindneſs ſcorn'd,
Is to fierce unrelenting vengeance turn'd;
Burſts all control—is by no bounds confin'd;
But, wild as Nature, and untam'd as wind,

Ploughs the rough ſeas, the burning wilds explores,
And wafts her thunder to remoteſt ſhores.
Her Rights reſtor'd, ſhe bids her vengeance ceaſe,
And ſeals her Vict'ry with a glorious Peace.

Welcome our captive Breth'ren, welcome, come;
Your grateful Country hails you, welcome home!
What throbbing rapture in your boſoms beat,
To meet brave EATON at your Dungeon-gate!
May you ne'er want a Friend on earth, and may
Eternal Friendſhip crown your dying day.

EATON, my Muſe, in theſe unpoliſh'd lines,
A ſlender chaplet for thy temples twines.
Unkill'd in lofty verſe, unknown to fame;
She on thy Laurels grafts her humble Name.
O may your life propitious Heav'n guard,
And all your Virtues meet a bright Reward.

SONG.

APRIL 19, 1807.

)W Phœbus decks the glit'ring ſcene,
ıd clothes the ſmiling world in green,
And wakes his genial pow'rs:
ı more the wint'ry blaſts ſevere,
froſts, deform the infant year,
Or check the op'ning flow'rs.

ıce more the Spring renews the plain;
.e meads aſſume their robes again,
And verdure decks the grove:
ıce more the catbird tunes his lay;
.e lark, the blackbird, and the jay
Awake the voice of love.

ch ſprightly ſongſter tries his notes;
ıon the ærial muſic floats
From ev'ry buſh or ſpray:
.e vallies ſing, the fields reſound,
ıd all the laughing hills around
Proclaim th' approaching May.

balmy breathing ſpirit, come,
ıd make my fav'rite grove thy home;
There all thy treaſures bring:
t chiefly thou my Muſe inſpire;
vake once more her ſlumb'ring lyre,
And tune her voice to ſing.

Array'd in ev'ry glowing charm,
Do thou her kindling paſſions warm;
Her ſwelling notes refine:
Pure as the flame that ſeraphs know,
Make her ſoft-gliding numbers flow
In melody divine.

Shed thy ſweet influence o'er her lays,
And teach her flaming tongue to praiſe;
Her trembling wings to ſoar:
Warm'd by the breezy breath of Spring,
May ſhe the breathing ſpirit ſing;
And, as ſhe ſings, adore!

INVOCATION TO HAPPINESS.

JANUARY 1, 1807.

O HAPPINESS, celeſtial Maid,
In ever-blooming charms array'd,
Where ſhall I ſeek thy ſmiling face,
Or where thy radient Image trace?

The learn'd, the virtuous, and the wiſe
Declare thee inmate of the ſkies;
Yet tell me, Goddeſs, tell me true,
Haſt thou no earthly temple too?

In ſhady groves, by purling rills,
O'er ſpangled lawns and fragrant fields,
Thro' rural villas, and in town,
I've ſought thee oft—but ſeldom found.

Not with the gay phantaſtic vain,
Nor ſmiling Fortune's favor'd train,
Doth thy fair heav'nly form reſide;
Nor with the ſordid Sons of pride.

Thou doſt not in the obſcure cell,
Nor iv'ry gilded palace, dwell:
Thou ſhun'ſt the haunts of noiſe and care,
And all the thund'ring ſcenes of war.

Thou doſt not in the Stateſman's brain,
Nor LYDIA's lovely boſom, reign:
Thy ſecret influence don't inſpire
The Patriot's zeal, or Poet's fire.

Not Hymen's conſecrated court,
Nor Cupid's myſtic fane reſort:
Not in thoſe hallowed courts of ſtrife
Doſt thou e'er bleſs a cloiſter'd life!

Not in the friendly heart enſhrin'd,
Nor fair philoſophy, refin'd;
Nor doth the rude illit'rate claſs
Thy ſweet celeſtial ſmiles poſſeſs.

Where then, propitious Goddeſs, ſay,
Where ſhall I find thee—where, I pray?—
The ſmiling Goddeſs bade me come,
And find her, with **Content**, at HOME.

A PARAPHRASE

ON THE FIRST CHAPTER OF THE BOOK OF GENESIS.

ERE time began, th' Eternal, then alone,
Wrapt in his own ſupreme perfections, ſhone
In all the rays of uncreated light,
Divine, immortal, infinitely bright.
In eſſence one, the co-exiſtent three,
One equal God, or triune Deity,
Whoſe preſence forms, whoſe eye pervades each place,
Whoſe time is ever, and whoſe manſion's ſpace;
Dwelt in himſelf, in glory all unknown,
Or comprehended but by God alone.
Nature's Firſt Cauſe, and univerſal ſoul,
Who made, ſuſtains, and animates the whole:
For his omniſcient eye did then explore
Eternity, from either diſtant ſhore;
Each ſep'rate particle, of ev'ry kind,
Exiſted in the great Creator's mind,
Who, fixt as his own throne on high, ordain'd
Their various orders, ſtations, uſe, and end;
From flaming Seraphs, in the realms of day,
To atoms, floating in the ſolar ray.
His Will did form, his Wiſdom did decree
All that e'er was, is, or ſhall ever be.
From heighth to depth, their proper ſphere he choſe,
Ordain'd their nature, and preſcrib'd their laws;
In wiſdom, all divine, the ſyſtem plann'd,
Which perfect roſe, at his divine command.

When God's great fiat gave young Nature birth,
The rolling Heav'ns were form'd, and ſolid earth;
Throughout all ſpace, unmeaning chaos ſpread;
Retiring anarchy the Word obey'd;
Th' ethereal, from the ſordid, matter ſprung,
And on the humid air incumbent hung.
The new-made World, deep in its wat'ry bed,
Formleſs and void, a dark embryo laid;

God ſaid, 'Let there be Light'——The beamy ray
Shone forth——He ſaw it good, and call'd it Day.
Then, ſeparating Darkneſs from the Light,
Gave each their bounds, and call'd the Darkneſs Night

He ſpread the ſpacious Firmament, on high,
And, 'midſt circumfluous waters, hung the ſky:
Revolving on her centre, in mid-air,
He nicely balanc'd Earth's terraqueous ſphere.

At his command, the ſtormy waters fled,
And ſought, precipitant, their deſtin'd bed;
The rapid rivers ſwell'd the foaming tide,
And, thro' each plain, did gentle currents glide:
The naked hills, their ſurface now diſplay'd;
Each lofty mountain rais'd its tow'ring head;
Sublime, they rais'd their awful ſummits high,
And pierc'd, with proud diſdain, the nether ſky;
Whence loud impetuous cataracts burſting roar,
And down their ſloping ſides deep channels wore;
Whoſe craggy cliffs, unſightly, deep conceal'd,
Were, by the laſhing torrents, half unveil'd;
Which roll'd along each vale their lucent train;
And ſought, in murm'ring ſighs, the diſtant main.
Then, ſlowly riſing from their natal bed,
Along thoſe banks th' irriguous vallies ſpread;
The fields and meadows ſtruggled into birth——
God call'd the waters Sea—the dry-land, Earth.

He bade the graſs appear—The verdant robe
Crept forth, and richly dreſt the fertile globe.
Each herb and plant, medicinal, obey'd,
And o'er the fragrant fields in order ſpread.
Each beaut'ous flow'r adorn'd its native ſod,
Spread out its tints, and ſhed its ſweets abroad;
Deckt with immortal foliage they bloom'd,
And all the groves of Paradiſe perfum'd.
Spontaneous Nature clad the glowing ſcene,
Hills, fields, and plains, with flow'ry robes of green.

The pregnant trees in thick ſucceſſion roſe,
While bluſhing Autumn ripen'd on their boughs:

Some, loaded with the variegated ſtore;
While others, buds or tender bloſſoms bore;
More precious fruits, than e'er the earth did bear,
Diſplay'd their ſhining rinds, and bloſſom'd there.
The moſt delicious-flavor'd God then choſe,
And Eden's garden did thereof compoſe.
All-bearing Nature op'd her choiceſt ſtores,
And ſhed her richeſt treaſures in thoſe bow'rs.

The matchleſs groves, by God's unerring hand,
Divine, were planted—by his wiſdom plann'd;
The ſtately trees, in verdant honor clad,
Roſe up, majeſtic, from the teeming ſod;
The plains were cover'd with the leafy wood,
And on the mountain-top the foreſt ſtood.

The cluſt'ring Vine, in mazy lab'rinths, crept,
And round each ſhrub its ſpiry tendrills wrapt;
Some graſp'd the trees, and perſevering roſe,
By ſlow aſcent, and reach'd their topmoſt boughs.
Theſe drink the burning beams, and freſheſt dews,
Which, thro' their veins, do ſparkling life diffuſe.
Prone on the Earth, did others, ſpreading, reſt
Their gay luxuriant foliage on her breaſt:
Flexile and weak, her cooling juice they drew,
And on her lap their ſwelling offspring grew.
Theſe lowly baſk beneath the beams of day;
Thoſe, in midair, their purple ſtores diſplay.

God made the Sun, of fires ethereal bright,
Conſolidated with the beamy light:
He plac'd it in the heav'ns, to rule the day,
And, from the Eaſt, mark'd out its ſhining way.
He pour'd refulgence in its glitt'ring flames,
Life-giving virtue in its piercing beams:
From his warm rays do health and vigor flow—
Great ſecond cauſe of life to all below.
While orbs and ſyſtems in ſucceſſion roll,
The Sun's their eye, their centre, and their ſoul.
This ſource of light and heat did God ordain,
With both, the new creation to ſuſtain.

The Moon, of milder aſpect, paler light,
God placed in the Weſt, to rule the night;
And, when the Sun his potent beams reſtrains,
She ſheds ſweet influence o'er the dewy plains;
Softly diſtils her kind ſalubrious ſhow'rs,
The genial ſoul of herbs, and plants, and flow'rs:
In radiant ſplendor deck'd, with brow ſerene,
She mounts the ſky, and leads her glitt'ring train:
Her ſilver ſconce enlightens wiſdom's way,
And contemplation kindles in her ray.
She gilds the ſolemn hour of thought refin'd,
And lights the lamp of reaſon in the mind.
Beneath her lucent ſoul-expanding reign,
The languid ſpark of Virtue glows again;
The ſmother'd flame of Piety revives—
The ſordid Atheiſt doubts, and half believes.

God hung on high each magnitude of Stars,
Preſcrib'd the rolling Planets' ample ſpheres;
Their courſe directed, painted all their beams;
Marſhal'd their hoſts, and gave them all their Names;
Appointed where to ſet, and where to riſe,
And mark'd their mazy circles round the ſkies.
Theſe, when the Sun ſinks in the diſtant Weſt,
Light their clear lamps, and all the heav'ns inveſt;
In glitt'ring ſplendor ſhine, with devious ray,
And on the world pour down a milder day.
Thoſe orbs on high, with ſparkling glory crown'd,
Did God ordain, to wheel the ſeaſons round.

God bade each limped ſtream and foaming flood
To generate, and yield the feather'd brood;
Then did each Bird, of ev'ry plumage riſe,
Swim thro' the air, or pierce the yielding ſkies;
Some, gaily perching on each buſh or tree,
Awoke the dormant ſoul of harmony;
Thro' floating clouds, ſome fearleſs ſteer'd their way,
Attracted by the brilliant ſource of day;
The ſilver Swan aſſum'd her ſtately air,
And in a river bath'd her boſom fair;
The lordly Peacock trail'd his ſtarry train,
In glitt'ring pomp, along the velvet plain;

The Oſtrich, cruel to her kind unknown,
In all the gaudy pride of plumage ſhone;
The Pelican appear'd amidſt the throng,
Whoſe bleeding boſom feeds her craving young;
The Nightingale tun'd her enchanting throat,
And pour'd the ſoul of Muſic in each note;
The houſehold Poultry on the herbage fed,
And peck'd or ſcratch'd, inglorious, for the ſeed.
Thro' all the feather'd Family was none
Unpair'd, or ſolitary, only one;
The philoſophic Phœnix who, unbleſt,
Sought out materials for her wond'rous neſt:
Beneath the ſun, ſhe found no kindred claims,
And built her cyric to attract his beams!
Each aerial ſongſter warbled forth its lay,
And all the hymning air was melody.

Each lake and ſhoal produc'd the ſcaly brood;
And finny ſquadrons wanton'd in the flood:
Thoſe countleſs myriads, ſporting th.o' the ſea,
Turmoil'd its bowels with unwieldy play,
Huge monſters wallowed in their briny home,
And laſh'd the ſurging billows into foam.
Then the vaſt Monarch of the wat'ry plain,
Stretch'd his enormons bulk o'er half the main;
Drank up the ſea—then rais'd his trunk on high,
And blew the waves up to the middle ſky.
Some, thro' the deep their uncouth paſtimes kept;
Others, in ſubterraneous caverns ſlept;
Some lowly oozing, near the ebbing tide,
To vegetate in ſhells, alive were laid.

God bade the Earth bring forth——The various grades
Roſe from the ſwamps, the mountains, and the meads;
The royal Lion, from his native clods,
Roſe up the ſavage Monarch of the woods;
The Mammoth, huge, burſt from the heaving ground;
Himſelf a mountain, which a vale ſunk 'round;
Swift-bounding into life, the noble Horſe,
Pranc'd o'er the plains, and panted for the courſe;
The mighty Elephant, ſlowly appear'd—
Irrational; but wiſeſt of the herd.

The lowing herds, and flocks, ſpread o'er each vale,
Gave birth to echo, in her priſtine cell;
The Tiger, Panther, Leopard, Wolf, and Fawn,
And Lambkin, ſported on the flow'ry lawn!
Serpents, of ev'ry kind, innoxious lay,
In mazy folds, or join'd in curious play:
By nature cunning; yet of gentle heart;
No lurking poiſon caus'd their bite to ſmart.

Sin, hate, and Death, and all their hideous train,
Had no exiſtence on the peaceful plain;
No mord'rous paſſion, cruel, fierce, impell'd
The ſavage tenants of the grove or field;
But joy, and harmony, their peace maintain'd,
And love, irrational, among them reign'd.
Grade after grade, the motly numbers roſe;
Th' infinite chain did, link by link, compoſe;
Each flying Inſect, and each crawling Worm,
Swam thro' the air; or trail'd its ſlender form.
The porous earth, with genial vigor warm'd,
With heaving life and vital motion ſwarm'd!

God made the heav'nly hoſts of Angels bright,
And populated all the realms of light:
Angels, Arch-angels, in harmonious choirs,
Cherubic ardors, bright ſeraphic fires;
Pure virtues, eſſences, and ſpirits mild,
The intellectual courts with fervor fill'd.

Theſe glowing choirs, in glitt'ring robes attend,
And, proſtrate, hark to catch his leaſt command;
Attend his awful nod; his will explore;
When known, fulfil; where not reveal'd, adore.

Some round his throne, in ſhining circles move;
Some execute his vengeance, or his love;
Some, from the wide extremes of ſpace immenſe,
More ſwift than morning-beams his will diſpenſe;
Some in the Sun do guide his flaming car;
Some gild the Moon; and poliſh ev'ry Star;
Some ſtrike their golden harps with ſkill divine;
Some in harmonious vocal chorous join;

ome fall before his face, and breathe his name;
thers, enwrapt in adoration, flame,
n awful ſilence, at his ſacred feet,
nd feel the theme (his glory) infinite!
or his own glory all created were;
nd his ſurpaſſing glory all declare:
et are their natures free; and, if they will,
lay ſin, and fall; yet glorify him ſtill!!
he blackeſt Fiend in Horror's dark abode,
eclaims the pow'r and juſtice of a God!!

God, viewing all the works which he had made,
ronounc'd them good, and bleſſed them, and ſaid,
et US make Man, ſupreme o'er all, and join,
n one compound, the Human and Divine!

His body, formed of the common duſt,
as fair, proportion'd, graceful, and robuſt;
is countenance benign; his brow ſevere;
f grave deportment, and majeſtic air;
eep contemplation in his viſage ſhone;
nd beauty, maſculine, was all his own;
hile healthful blood, by vital ſpirits warm'd,
low'd from his heart, and all the Man inform'd.

His ſoul God made of bright immortal fires,
ndow'd with endleſs life, and pure deſires,
aſt and unbounded, as infinity;
hich only he who gave can gratify:
npelled upwards, by attractive force;
e ſweetly ſoars, and centres in his ſource.
n his own likeneſs, form'd his inward part,
nd drew his holy image on his heart;
is judgment clear, and piercing as the ray,
hot down direct from the bright orb of day.
n equal ſcale, his will unbiaſs'd ſtood,
ree to adopt the evil, or the good.
'er all, a faithful Sentinel was plac'd;
od's humble agent, in the human breaſt:
onſcience, an humble monitor and guard,
o warn, approve; to puniſh, or reward;

Who takes no bribes; but, with unerring ſkil!,
Records the ſecret motions of the will;
And, with an iron pen, each thought engraves,
Each word, and act, on adamantine leaves;
Each infant idea views, without diſguiſe,
And ſcans the ſource whence his deſires ariſe.
She nicely calculates the juſt amount;
And time and talents adds to the account:
Yet, oft provok'd, her ſettlement delays,
'Till honeſt Death the weighty balance pays.

With many leſſer faculties complete,
The human ſoul, divine, did God create;
Adorn'd and finiſh'd, on his perfect plan,
Appear'd the rational and living Man;
Within whoſe breaſt the lamp of Reaſon ſhone;
An emanation pure from God alone;
From whoſe unerring hand he perfect came,
In ev'ry part; and ADAM was his name.
Not unadorn'd, tho' naked—all his dreſs
Was not divine, but perfect, Righteouſneſs!

Dominion, God on ADAM did beſtow,
And made him his Vicegerent here below:
Of ev'ry Creature which did breathe or live,
ADAM the nature knew, and Name did give.
But, throughout all their grades, he could not find,
A Partner ſuited to his reas'ning mind;
(For, kindred minds alone aſſimilate,
And in the bonds of amity do meet;
That object only can our joys improve,
Which yields an interchange of mutual love.)
Tho' meaner objects may the ſenſes charm,
Love, rational, alone the heart can warm.

Tho' ADAM ev'ry earthly good enjoy'd,
Within his breaſt he felt an aching void;
And pin'd alone, in Paradiſe unbleſt,
With ſtrange deſires for ſomething not poſſeſt!

'Good is my mighty Maker,' ADAM cries;
'Sure all his ways, and all his thoughts, are wiſe!'

His pow'r divine, yon dazz'ling concave ſhows;
This ſpacious earth, with his rich mercy flows:
But why profuſely thus, for me prepare,
Such uſeleſs plenty; and none elſe to ſhare?
Why to admire, or bow the grateful knee,
For all His Goodneſs, Works, and Love, but me!
Why this uneaſy tumult in my breaſt;
Whence thoſe deſires, by reaſon unſuppreſt?
Why doth Imagination reſtleſs rove,
In vain purſuit, of what?—A mortal Love!'

God, pitying, heard his ſolitary moan,
And ſaw it beſt, he ſhould not be alone.
He caus'd a ſtupifying ſleep to fall,
On ADAM's ſenſes, which abſorb'd them all;
And from his ſide, the neareſt to his heart,
Drew forth a Rib; and clos'd with fleſh the part.
Of this he form'd a Female, in whoſe face,
Dwelt ſweetneſs, innocence, and modeſt grace.
The dignity and love, within her breaſt,
Her ſparkling eye, and brow ſerene, expreſt.
Her form was fairer than what Fancy feigns,
Of fam'd Arcadian Nymphs, or fabled Queens;
Her robe was native Innocence alone;
And Chaſtity and Truth compos'd her zone.
No other veil, the lovely Maid did wear,
Save her looſe flowing curls of auburn hair.
The gentleſt ſoul did animate her clay;
The mildeſt image of the Deity!

In God's own eye the Virgin perfect ſtood;
Completely beauteous, and completely good.
Pure was her mind, ſublime her ev'ry thought;
And thus, by God, to ſleeping ADAM brought;
Who, waking, by his ſide, with wonder, ſpy'd,
Fair as the riſing dawn, his bluſhing Bride!

'Maker, Divine, this beauteous Gift be mine;
And I, and all the vaſt Creation, thine!
She, from my ſide, of my own body came;
Bone of my bone, and WOMAN is her Name!'

God plac'd the happy Pair in Eden's bow'rs,
To dreſs the vines, and tend the fruits and flow'rs;
Gave ADAM lordſhip over all below,
Except one Tree, that did conſpicuous grow;
Which Tree, a fatal Secret did conceal,
Of forfeit Good, and Evil, to reveal!
God ſaid, the Tree that in the midſt doth ſtand,
Muſt not be taſted—firmly I command:
For, if thou doſt, hear my ſupreme Decree,
Caſt out from Blifs, thou ſhalt aſſur'dly die!!

Then, bleſſing them, he bade them 'multiply,
And fill the the earth with their Poſterity.'

Thus, did our God the Univerſe create,
And in ſix days all things therein complete:
The ſeventh, for himſelf, a Sabbath bleſt,
He ſanctified, for a holy Reſt.

The vaulted heav'ns, with Hallelujahs rang!
And all the Morningſtars together ſang!

LINES ADDRESSED TO MRS. I——

WHEN DETAINED, BY THE BREAKING UP OF THE ICE ON THE SUSQUEHANNA, ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE FROM HOME, FEB. 1807.

WHILE ſtormy winds unceaſing blow ſevere,
And darkneſs veils the cloudy hemiſphere;
Why doth the tear bedew MARIA's eye;
Or her fair boſom heave the burſting ſigh?
Tho' angry floods of ice and rain combine,
To raiſe vain terrors in thy tender mind;
Or ſwelliug rivers riſe, and proudly foam,
Between thee, and thy longing Friends at home;
Yet the ſame voice, that bids the tempeſt roar,
Commands the ſtormy winds to rage no more;
Whoſe breath binds up the clouds, congeals the wave,
Aud ſinks the billows in a peaceful grave;
Whoſe pow'r ſupreme, whoſe high commandment ſways
The ſceptre, which the Univerſe obeys;
Whoſe boundleſs Mercy flows, with ample ſpread,
Wide as th' illimitable ſpace his hand hath made;
Whoſe nod fills Heav'n with awe; whoſe ſov'reign Will,
The ſwift-wing'd Cherubim, in haſte, fulfil;
Whoſe eye, omnicient, ev'ry part doth ſcan,
Of future events, which himſelf did plan;
Who gracious bends, his throne of glory bright,
To view the higheſt Seraphim, in light;
Who, good as great, and bountiful as wiſe,
Gives like a God—and, like a God, denies!

He cannot err——then why ſhould we repine,
Since all he doth is perfect and divine?
Events, howe'er remote they ſeem, or ſmall,
His Providence decrees, and governs all:
Each chirping Sparrow owns his ſov'reign care;
And of our heads he numbers ev'ry hair.
And what are we, at beſt, in all our prime,
But bubbles, floating down the ſtream of time;

Which, on the ſurface of the rolling tide,
Driv'n by the dancing winds, do lightly g
A moment, we a ſportive fabric rear;
Then ſwelling burſt, diſſolve, and diſappear!!
Yet e'en theſe breaking bubbles he ſuſtains;
Directs their courſe, their riſe and fall ordains.

Then ceaſe repining—Troubles, when they're o'er,
Increaſe each bleſſing we enjoy'd before!
Soon ſhall the ſtorm be huſh'd; the winds ſhall ceaſe;
And the rough billows glide away in peace:
Submiſſion only makes afflictions light;
And God's decrees are infinitely right.

APOLOGY, TO THE ACCOMPLISHED B...

FOR WHOM I HAD HUMOROUSLY PROMISED TO MAKE A WIG.

MY Friend, I relinquiſh the ſcheme I had laid——
Unkill'd in the mazes of Art,
I dare not aſpire to tranſact with the Head;
So pay my devoirs to the Heart.

O was I by Nature adorned like you;
Were ſcience and genius mine,
I 'd pluck, from the top of Parnaſſus, a bough,
And a Wreath for thy Head would entwine.

But vain is each effort of Fancy to rear
Her Roſes and Myrtle for you;
While a Garland of flowrets, unfading, you wear,
As fair as e'er Paradiſe knew!

Then my whimſical Fancy I freely give o'er;
Since eloquence, reaſon, and truth,
Excel ev'ry badge of decrepit Fourſcore,
To dignify Learning and Youth.

And, while all the Muſes and Graces attend,
To poliſh your theme, and inſpire—
Where piety, wiſdom, and elegance blend—
No ornament elſe you require.

TO THE REV. ******* ****.

MARCH 10, 1807.

**, 'Tis thine, by ſweet perſuaſive ſkill,
› guide the judgment, and to gain the will;
› ſway the ſoul by each reſiſtleſs art,
› wake the couſcience, and to warm the heart;
› clear the mental gloom, and point the road
›at leads the wand'ring ſpirit home to God:
› check the bold, the erring to reſtrain;
·reſt the careleſs, and to awe the vain;
› warm the languid, the depreſs'd revive,
nd teach a dying Nation how to live!
'is your ſweet taſk, to bid Religion ſhine
all the pomp of Eloquence divine!

While on thy lips my liſt'ning ſoul attends,
'hat varied paſſion in my boſom blends!
ope, fear, joy, grief, and love are all combin'd,
o raiſe a pleaſing tumult in my mind.
ſteem and admiration both conſpire;
hy ſubject thoſe—thy merit theſe—inſpire.
'hile from your tongue the poliſh'd accents flow,
ſink, I ſoar, I tremble, and I glow!
hy voice, reſiſtleſs, bids the diſcord ceaſe,
nd ſoothes the jarring paſſions into peace.

Inform'd by thee, my Muſe eſſays to ſing;
races each nerve, and vibrates ev'ry wing:
hy glowing genius, kindling with thy theme,
ouches the key that wakes the ſoul to flame!
ew-plum'd, ſhe ſoars, with faith and love refin'd,
nd leaves dull earthborn Fancy far behind.
'o worlds unknown ſhe takes her wond'rous flight,
nd ſkims, with daring wing, the courts of light;
eels her own dignity, and dares to riſe
'o immortality, and claim the ſkies!
aſks in the rays of full perfection high,
And ſcorns a prize beneath Infinity!

O! may indulgent Heav'n propitious ſmile
On all thy arduous, ſweetly-pleaſing toil;
Inſpire thy thoughts, thy daring genius guide;
Direct thy ſtudies, o'er thy reſt preſide;
Save thee from ſorrow, and from ſin retard;
Be thy pure Teacher, Theme, and bright Reward!
And, as the Ruler of the flaming day,
Sheds from the Eaſt his firſt auſpicious ray;
Then ſoars, reſiſtleſs, thro' the yielding ſkies,
His vigor ſtill increaſing as he flies;
To Heav'n's high cope his dazzling car he wheels,
And there a fullblown blaze of glory yields!
So may you riſe; ſo, with reſiſtleſs ſway,
Drive the dark miſts of Ignorance away!
So may you ſoar; and, ſoaring, brighter ſhine,
'Till thy expanding rays ſhall beam divine!

AN APOLOGY TO A LADY,

WHO ACCUSED ME OF FLATTERY, IN AN EPISTLE FROM ME TO ANOTHER. JUNE 6, 1806.

YOU ſay, 'Her characters ſurpaſs
The tint of modeſt Nature;'
And that, 'Her magnifying Glaſs
Diſtends each mental feature.'

I own it is my pleaſing care,
And ſtudy, to delight you;
I therefore paint, in colours fair,
Leſt dark ones ſhould affright you!

Vice, in my page, ne'er finds a place;
No ſhare in my affection:
'Tis quite too rough my Rhyme to grace,
Too dull for my correction.

I ſtill believe, would we impart
A gen'rous love to duty;
Our method is, to win the heart
By charms of moral beauty.

Another's failing, foible, whim,
The tender-hearted Poet
Doth, as her own, a ſecret deem,
And hates the world ſhould know it.

It is a matter paſt diſpute,
We ought to love each other:
True Charity a multitude
Of ſcarlet Sins doth cover.

She ſuffers long, and thinks no ill;
But puts a kind conſtruction;
Hopes and believes, and ſtill ſpeaks well
Of ev'ry doubtful action.

I therefore ſtudy to improve
Your gen'rous approbation;
And ev'ry object to remove
That raiſes deteſtation.

Do as you would that we ſhould do—
Unerring's this direction—
Now tell me if, deſcribing you,
You'd make the ſame Objection!

And if you will ſo candid be,
I'll bear no diſputation;
For you, at leaſt, have Modeſty,
The gem of Reputation.

Then, being modeſt, you'll confeſs,
If you do not inherit
The Virtues others do poſſeſs,
That others have more Merit.

Then do not blame, my charming Friend,
The Portrait I deviſed;
Since ev'ry Virtue, I commend,
In you is realized.

SONG.

MAY 8, 1806.

THE potent Sun, with genial ray,
Calls Nature from the tomb,
To dreſs the flow'ry Landſcape gay,
And ſhed around perfume.

Hills, fields, and plains, and ſpangled meads,
Are deck'd in cheerful green;
A gay profuſion overſpreads
The bright enamel'd ſcene.

In all the beauteous robes of May,
The glitt'ring Seaſon ſhines;
And life, and joy, and harmony,
In ſwelling concert joins.

Health burſts forth in ten thouſand ſtreams,
And plenty, from each ſod:
Luxuriant Nature all proclaims
The bounties of her God.

The vital ſoul of jovial Spring
Inſpires each warbling throat;
Groves, orchards, gardens, echoing ring,
With ever-varying note.

The Lark, the Blackbird, and the Dove,
Unite their am'rous ſongs;
Anon the artleſs tale of love
Pours from ten thouſand tongues.

Free as wild Nature's laws they go,
And hop from tree to tree;
Nor aught thoſe airy triflers know,
But flutter, ſing, and die.

Careleſs they flit from ſpray to ſpray,
And dreſs their gaudy plumes:
Juſt ſo FLORELLA, vain and gay,
Life's fleeting hours conſumes.

Like them, to flutter, dreſs, and ſing,
Her ſtudious time employs;
To ev'ry pleaſure, on the wing,
The thoughtleſs Fair One flies.

Stranger to all the nobler pow'rs,
Which guide the reaſoning mind,
She ſports away life's dancing hours,
Which leave no trace behind!

But ſoon ſhall fade her youthful Spring,
Her Summer diſappear;
And Autumn no rich treaſures bring,
Her wintry months to cheer!

But ſweet LAVINIA ſpends her youth
In Virtue's pure employ;
Where Wiſdom, Piety, and Truth
Secure unfading joy.

With ev'ry charm of beauty grac'd,
The lovely Maid doth ſhine;
Which, when the bloom of life is paſt,
Will ripen to divine.

TO THE INCOMPARABLE ISABELLA.

DECEMBER 6, 1805.

YOU bid me write—I ſeize the quill—
  Pray tell me what to ſay?
You bid me ſhun the Flatt'rer's tale;
  Your orders I obey.

Talk of your Beauty—I will not!
  Becauſe your Beauty's fled:
Your youthful graces are forgot,
  And all your roſes dead!

How ſhall I paint your character;
  How make it underſtood?
It is, indeed, a ſingular;
  But ſingularly good.

I dare not ſay you do poſſeſs
  One brilliant quality;
Yet who, like ISABELLA, is
  By all admired high!

Whene'er you ſpeak, delighted, we
  Attend upon your tongue;
And yet, 'tis HOW—not WHAT—you ſay,
  That charms the liſt'ning throng.

The cobweb forms of puny ſouls,
  You value not a thought:
You follow independent rules;
  Nor care who ſay 'tis odd.'

Yet, what you ſay, tho' wiſely ſaid,
Your actions juſt and true;
In matter, all can imitate;
In manner, none but you!

Your promiſe is inviolate;
You 're temp'rate, as a Nun;
And what, if done to you, you 'd hate,
To do, you ever ſhun.

Kindneſs ſits regent in your eye,
And grace, upon your tongue:
The old admire your gravity;
Your gaiety, the young.

Whence is it, that you do derive
This univerſal ſway?
Or can you any precept give,
How we acquire it may?

But, to attempt it, is in vain:
You hold your pow'r alone;
And, like the Turkiſh Monarch, reign
Unequal'd on your throne.

CONTEMPLATIVE THOUGHT.

LET Winter's howling train deform the year,
Or vernal gales their fragrant odours bear,
Or Summer Suns their ſcorching influence pour,
Or Autumn ſpread her variegated ſtore;
Thro' each revolving ſeaſon, ſtill we trace
The emanations of Redeeming Grace.
In climes where Sol his fierceſt beam unveils;
Or the bleak Earth eternal Winter chills;
Where firſt he darts abroad his orient ray,
Or where his ling'ring wheels prolong the day;
Where'er we rove, or reſt, we ceaſeleſs find
A God unchanging, and a Father kind!!

The vaſt extended Empire of the ſky,
And all the blazing orbs that roll on high,
The ſpacious Earth, and widely-ſwelling Main,
On his creating Hand, for ſupport, lean!

That Hand that wheels the ſpheres—upon the Tree
Was nail'd, and torn, and crucify'd for me!
Here let eternal Wonders ceaſeleſs riſe!
The Creature lives——The great Creator dies!!
And dies for whom? O, Wonder ever new!
My guilty Soul, your Maker dies for you!!!
The Lord of life, who breath and being gave,
And immortality* to all that live———
Yet here, ye wond'ring Angels, ſtoop to view!
He dies——How can he die?——'Tis Wonder new———
Yet, in his hand, he holds Death's fatal keys—
Heav'n, Earth, and Hell his ſov'reign Will obeys!!

Here let our love and gratitude ariſe,
And all our pow'rs and paſſions harmonize:
If Jeſus dy'd the vileſt Wretch to free,
I am that Wretch—he therefore dy'd for me.
This be the ſettled anchor of the ſoul,
While time and ſcenes and ſeaſons ceaſeleſs roll:
Here let our Hopes and ſtedfaſt Faith unite;
Then let them whirl, and ſpeed their eager flight.

* Pray, do not miſtake me here: Underſtand this in ſomewhat of a limited ſenſe.

AURORA.

AN ODE, COMPOSED AUG. 16, 1807.

BEHOLD how AURORA's bright fingers adorn,
With roſeate bluſhes, the cheeks of the Morn;
While on Night's ſable mantle gay ſplendors ariſe,
As the Dayſtar reviſits the orient ſkies.

The golden-hair'd Sun ſheds abroad his firſt ray,
Diſpelling the clouds which envelope the day:
With what radiant glories inveſted he flames;
While the glowing horizon is fluſh'd with his beams!

Before him the thick-woven vapors of night,
Clouds, ſhadows, and darkneſs, in haſte, take their flight!
Up the ſteep vault of Heav'n, effulgent, he ſoars,
And a full tide of glory, unbounded, he pours.

'Tis thus with the Spirit for Heav'n deſign'd;
The Dayſtar, on high, ſheds bright beams on his mind;
Then his doubts and his darkneſs begin to depart—
And the morn of SALVATION now dawns on his heart!

Tho' th' embryo graces at firſt faintly beam,
The breath, which enkindled, will blow them to flame;
'Till, like the bright Sun in the zenith above,
They're enſhrin'd in the ſplendors of glory and LOVE.

Then fear not, ye Chriſtians, tho' drooping and weak;
The grace that ſuſtains you will never forſake:
Reſiſtleſs its courſe, ſtill increaſing its rays,
'Till, in Heav'n, it glows with meridian blaze!

THE TEMPEST.

HOW ſtill is Nature! Not a breeze awakes
The ſlumb'ring pulſe of vegetative life.
Huſh'd is each aerial note; each whiſp'ring gale
Is ſilent as the tomb. Each leaf is ſtill;
And murm'ring echo in her cavern ſleeps.

Now the bright Ruler of the riſen day,
To Heav'n's high cope wheels up his dazzling throne;
While, from his car, the fierce reſiſtleſs beams
Dart unobſerv'd. His potent influence
To Man, and Beaſt, and ev'ry Bird extends;
And from the with'ring field, the toilſome mead,
The ſultry plain, or drooping bough, they haſte;
And woo the cooling ſhade, the ſhelt'ring neſt,
The bubbling brook, or pure refreſhing ſpring;
To grant protection from his ruthleſs ſway.

How bright the flaming Noon! The vaulted arch,
In one vaſt, full, unbounded blaze of bright
Celeſtial glory, glows ſublime
In all the ſplendors of meridian day!
'Tis fiercely hot; the air has loſt its ſpring,
And no kind zephyr fans it into life
Or vital motion. See, the quiv'ring leaf
Of reſtleſs aſpen ſlumbers on its bough,
And all the vegetable kingdom droops!

Far in the Weſt, a dubious cloud appears:
'Tis now diſtinctly ſeen, and intimates
A cool, refreſhing, ſalutary ſhow'r.
With ſwelling ſails, the cloudy caravan
Aſcends the azure ſteep; while partial ſhades,
Light ſhifting, intercept the lucent beam,
Which Phœbus ſcatters with a piercing ſmile.

Now ſighing winds ſweep gently o'er the plains
With hollow murm'ring voice, and paſſing fan,
With downy wing, each tender pliant bough;

Then o'er the fields, with undulating gale,
Quite gently bend the Harveſt's waving pride;
Now raiſe, with lofty ſwell, their voices high,
And, burſting thro' the green umbrageous groves,
Groan forth their loud complaints in doleful cadence;
While grove to grove reverberates the ſound!

In form fantaſtic, o'er the broad expanſe,
The black'ning clouds in duſky columns drive:
Thoſe ſable robes enwrap the hemiſphere,
And caſt a veil o'er the bright ſoul of Nature!

In hoarſer blaſts, the bellowing winds advance
With awful howl! Oppreſt, the foreſt groans
Beneath the fierce, outrageous, ſtormy blaſt,
Which, with increaſing rage and ſcowling breath,
In mad career, drives dire Deſtruction's car!

Firm and undaunted ſtands the ſturdy Oak,
And all, unmov'd, the rattling Tempeſt braves:
Erect it ſtands the bulwark of the groves;
And caſts its wide protecting arms around!
Long the fierce raging Tyrant's frown it mocks,
And, ev'ry changing guſt, its force repels;
'Till madd'ning winds, impatient of control,
To ſev'nfold fury rouz'd, by force ſupreme
Daſh headlong all that dare diſpute their ſway,
In ſcatt'red fragments, o'er the ſounding mould.

Thou ſtately Tree, now blaſted by the ſtorm,
And ſtretch'd ignobly on the leafy ſoil,
That lately ſought the ſhelter of thy boughs;
How art thou fall'n, deſpoil'd of all thy honors,
And all thy verdure with'ring on the ground,
Which o'er the plain majeſtic ruin ſpreads!
Fall'n thou art; and ſtript of all thy pomp,
Beneath the meaneſt bramble of the field:
Yet doth thy innate ſterling worth remain
Quite unimpair'd! You yet will flouriſh,
Yet, perhaps, will grace the martial fleet,
Whoſe proudly-ſwelling canvaſs ſhall expand,
Wide as the Sun doth ſhoot his ſcatt'red rays,

Freighted with glory; and triumphant bear
Columbia's Heroes round the wond'ring world.

Juſt ſo the Man, of dauntleſs ſoul erect,
Great in himſelf; aloft he ſoars, ſuperior
To fickle Fortune's animalcule race;
Or all the weak dependant cringing Sons
Of ſervile Expectation!
Enſhrin'd in th' impenetrable garb
Of conſecrated Virtue; he defies
A weak Man's malice, or a proud Man's frown.

Tho' fall'n, perhaps, from Honor's airy tow'r;
Or ſunk beneath capricious Fortune's wheel;
Or caſt, by unrelenting Fate's decree,
To ſwell pale Miſery's promiſcuous train;
Or made dependant on th' unfeeling world;
Too dull to penetrate his ſecret worth,
Too ſordid to beſtow what worth demands,
And too illnatured to admit his claims;
Who, ever prone to err, eſteems him ſunk
Beneath her ſhowy Fav'rits—who, pliant ſouls,
Wave to and fro with ev'ry changing gale,
And bend beneath the ſobbing ſummer breeze!

But he who firm, in ev'ry changing ſtate,
Adverſe, or proſp'rous, keeps an equal mind;
Safe, in the deep receſſes of his ſoul,
Lies Virtue, in her choſen pure abode,
The honeſt, upright, conſecrated heart!
Yet he will ſhine; yet be his Country's boaſt;
In path's of Science, Glory, or of Fame,
Shall wear unfading verdure round his brow,
The Stateſman's, Heroe's, or the Poet's Bays!

Now diſtant Thunders, lowly mutt'ring, fill
The ſoul with ſolemn thought, and awe ſublime;
While each tumult'ous paſſion feels impell'd
Proſtrate, in adoration, to obey
The God, whoſe Thunder ſpreads his high Decrees!

From the dark profound of congregated clouds,
Whoſe aſpect low'rs with threaten'd vengeance,

Arm'd with the dread artillery of Heav'n;
Now loudly burſts the broad tremendous peal,
With bellowing clangor! The vivid flaſh
Darts from the dim obſcurity, whoſe glance,
Drawn by attraction; by repulſion hurl'd,
Obliquely ſhoots a flaming deſolation,
With all the quick rapidity of thought,
Thro' its devoted path! Now clouds of duſt,
And whirling atoms, float in mingled vollies;
Which, aided by the Wind's contentious breath,
Aſcend, in ſwift career, the nether ſky!

The Tempeſt gathers ſtrength, augments its rage,
And deep exploſions rend the vaulted Heav'ns.
From Eaſt to Weſt the forked Lightnings play,
And all the hemiſphere is quiv'ring flame,
Which, in eccentric mazes, ſhoot and mix;
Then ſeparate, unite, and multiform,
Now menace fury in each varied ſhape!

The brute creation ſeek the ſhelt'ring roof;
Or tamely cluſter round the ſpreading tree,
And in mute wonder eye the coming Storm!

Each feather'd Songſter drops its ſprightly note,
Adjuſts each gloſſy plume, and wiſely ſtreaks
The oil, repulſive, o'er its poliſh'd coat;
Reſigns the feather'd choir, and lonely ſeeks
The ſafe protection of its downy neſt.

The houſehold Poultry to the barn,
The wattled coop, the neighboring hedge or ditch;
Precipitant and ſad, direct their flight.

Thus, while the tribes irrational are taught,
By the great law of Nature, Inſtinct, to adore,
Reverence, and fear great Nature's God ſupreme;
Mankind alone (of all the earthborn race,
By Reaſon taught, or the keen eye of philoſophic
Soul, inform'd, or the unerring beam of Heav'n,
by Revelation darted in the mind)
Hear, in each thund'ring peal, the voice of God;
Diſcern his juſtice in the vivid flaſh;

In Tempeſts ſee the hidings of his face;
Who, in his dark pavillion, bids the Storm
Wind up the wheels of Nature; tunes the ſpheres,
Supports the planets, by his ſov'reign Will;
And by his Nod the Univerſe controls!

Now, faſt deſcending thro' the troubled air,
In rapid vollies drifts the patt'ring ſhow'r;
Which, on the wings of ſwift careering winds,
By winds repell'd, encounters, in midair,
The duſky clouds, with furious force upborne;
And duſt, and rain, and ſtormy winds contend!
Conflicting elements wage dub ous war;
The fierce tornado mingles earth and ſkies;
All order broke—confuſion, tumult, rage,
Deſtruction, anarchy; nay, chaos reigns!
And dire commotion rends the tott'ring ſphere!

In martial haſte, the ſcatter'd clouds condenſe;
While winds remit their rage, and pauſe for breath——
Thro' earth and heav'n the rattling thunders roar,
And forked lightning leads the blaſting train;
When the dark hemiſphere impetuous hurls,
Thro' ev'ry pore, the wat'ry torrent down!
The winds abate; the vanquiſh'd earth ſubmits,
And in her peaceful unreſiſting breaſt
Receives the falling deluge.
Then, rapid, thro' each drain and channel ſweeps
The motly flood. Each penſive purling rill
Conſpicuous foams, and regal pride aſſumes.
Each ſwelling river, madd'ning like the main,
In mimic fury, feigns itſelf a ſea.
Fiercely complaining of the rude miſrule
Of jarring winds and ſkies, the ocean roves;
Meets wrath with wrath, in oppoſition dire,
And heaves its foaming billows to the heav'ns!

Now, o'er the wide-extended bounds of Nature
Impending, dreadful deſolation hangs!
But the embargo (unrevok'd) of old,
Or Heav'n's Decree ſupreme, doth interpoſe,
And binds the rolling tide in laſting chains!

'Thus far, O ſea, thy ſtormy billows rock:
Here is the bound, thy raging waves muſt keep.'
Then rage thou tide, impatient of control;
But not in vain: Thy loud complaining voice
As loudly ſpeaks thy great Creator's ſkill;
And ev'ry ſurging billow ſpreads his power!
Thy ſwelling waves, tumultuous, ſcale the ſkies;
Then foaming break, and laſh the ſounding ſhore;
Yet thunder, in each varied note, his praiſe!

Behold! ye perſecuted and oppreſt,
A Power ſupreme commands Heav'n, Earth, and Sea!
All animate, and inanimate, Creation obeys:
Men, Fiends, and Angels, all revere HIS Will.

The Storm has ſpent its rage; the winds are huſh'd;
The lightnings intermit their quiv'ring play;
And diſtant thunders, lowly mutt'ring, ſpeak
The awful Devaſtation at an end.
The lucent ſky emits the ſoft'ning ſhow'r;
Which, gently gliding thro' the humid air,
Diſtils the Earth's enriching genial boon.

Now have the clouds diſcharg'd their fatt'ning ſtore,
And, on the ſportive pinions of a breeze,
Diſperſed. The fair Ruler of the day
Lights up the kindling ſkies, with milder glow,
And ſhoots his cheering rays obliquely down
To earth, now dreſt in ſmiles and flow'ry green.
Now laughing plenty creeps o'er ev'ry field;
And fatneſs burſts forth from each pregnant ſod.
Each ſhrub and flow'r unfolds its fragrant ſtores,
And breathes a mixt perfume. How pure the air!
By chaſt'ning fire, and ſcourging winds, bereft
Of vapours foul, and peſtilential death!

And lo! the laſting pledge of pitying Heav'n,
The ſhining Arch, the variegated Bow,
Binds in a colour'd wreath the floating clouds,
In bands more ſtrong than Fate. His Will ſupreme,
Whoſe leaſt Decree, fixt as Eternity,
Preſcribes the bounds, and gives to Fate its laws!

The air is ſweet as breath of Paradiſe
(E'er Sin had tainted ev'ry riſing gale,
And poiſon'd ev'ry ſweet) fann'd with the wings
Of floating zephyrs, bearing freſh perfume;
Which, ſporting thro' the green umbragious trees,
Bruſh from their boughs a ſhow'r of liquid pearl.

Now ev'ry warbling Choiriſter forſakes
His downy neſt; and joyful concert joins
To HIM, who taught his tuneful voice to ſing:
Pure gratitude inſpires each breaſt with praiſe,
And ſwells the full harmonious chorus high!
While, from each gliſt'ning bough and verdant ſpray,
Or field, or hedge, the warbled anthem floats;
And all the hymning air is melody:
While Flocks and Herds, 'with broad reſponſive low,'
Make hills and vales reverberate HIS praiſe,
Who clothes the hills and ſmiling vales with green;
While all that live or breathe harmonious join,
To ſpeak HIS praiſe, who life and being gives.

Approving Reaſon, by Devotion fir'd,
Leads captive ev'ry movement of the mind;
And ev'ry ſenſe participates delight,
And ev'ry faculty adores a GOD——
A God, whoſe thunder ſpeaks his high command!
Who bids the forked lightning's vivid flaſh
Perform his Will, and blazon his Decree;
And in his palm the ſtormy wind contains!
Who, for his pleaſure, rends the weighty rocks,
And ſwiftly hurls them thro' the yielding air!
Directs the Tempeſt; blows it into wrath,
And heaves the ſurging billows to the ſkies!

Deep he creates the ſubterraneous fire,
Whence Earthquakes yawn, and ſhake the tott'ring World!
Who ſpreads around the deſolating blaſt
Of ſwift careering Whirlwinds' rapid wings;
And to her centre groaning Nature ſhakes.

Then bids the Storm be ſtill; and rules the Calm;
Commands the Sun to ſhine; the graſs to grow,
And all the flow'ry family to ſpring:
Who fills the brutal Tribes with grateful joy;
The Rational, with love to HIM who life
And joy, and reaſon doth impart!
Whoſe chaſtiſements are tokens of regard,
Or Angels ſent on meſſages of grace,
To wean our minds from earth's deluſive toys;
To make us humble, and to make us wiſe.

CONSUMMATION.

THE Moon's pale orb, beneath the weſtern ſky,
Conceals her beams; each pendant lamp, on high,
Shrinks, with diminiſh'd luſtre, from the ſight,
And leaves, in awful gloom, the ſable Night.
Induſtry now retires to peaceful reſt;
Each ſigh is huſh'd, and ev'ry care ſuppreſt:
Ambition drops its tow'ring pompous ſchemes,
To revel in the luxury of dreams.
Cool Reaſon now reſigns her office high,
And ſoars to Heav'n, to gain a new ſupply;
While giddy Fancy, o'er the paſſive brain,
With ſportive ſkill, aſſumes her majic reign:
She rears an airſpun fabric of her own,
And on a viſion builds her floating throne;
In gay machin'ry decks her myſtic play,
And acts the comic farces of the day.

The brute creation ſink in ſoft repoſe,
The drowſy Watchdog's weary eyelid's cloſe;
A death-like ſilence o'er the midnight ſcence,
With darkneſs holds an undivided reign;
Huſh'd is the ſighing breeze, e'en echo ſleeps;
Nature alone, unconſcious, wakes and weeps!

Now blacken'd ſhades oblit'rate ev'ry grace,
And all Creation's beauties doth efface;
The ſtately monuments of poliſh'd art,
Her lofty tow'rs, and gilded ſpires, depart;
Darkneſs enwraps the ſable poles around,
And in promiſcuous chaos all is drown'd!

Now ſcreaming Owls, from ruins dark, emerge;
And boding Ravens croak a fun'ral dirge;
Now Riot's Vot'ries midnight orgies keep;
Now Faction forms her cabals, dark and deep;
Now Drunkenneſs, and Luſt, thoſe Hags of Hell,
Crawl from each ſink, or ſtew, or haunted cell;
Now fell Revenge, with murderous intent,
From God's allſeeing eye feels no reſtraint;

Vice ſtalks abroad, from ev'ry dark retreat,
And walks, with brazen front, along the ſtreet:
Each crime of crimſon hue, which dreads the light,
Undaunted revels thro' the gloomy night!

When bellowing thunders rend the trembling Eaſt,
And forked flame the blazing ſkies inveſt,
Earth's ſtrong foundations to their centre rock—
Her groaning pillars trembling with the ſhock!!
Now ſleep forever flies, and ev'ry breaſt
Is with new, dire, foreboding fears oppreſt!
In louder peals, the rattling thunder rolls,
And liquid lightnings wrap the glowing poles,
Which muſter all their rage! In dire diſmay,
The rending ſkies retire, to give them way!
In broad tremendous peals the torrent breaks:
From centre, to circumference, Nature ſhakes!
Now blazing Comets from their orbits fly,
And blaſted Stars drop from the rocking ſky!!

Forever huſh'd is Riot's jovial ſound;
While fierce Deſpair her Vot'ries doth confound!
In vain doth wine, or muſic's charms invite:
Wit, how abſurd! Nor Play can yield delight.
What ſhall they do? where ſhall they ſue for aid?
While pale diſmay, their tortur'd breaſts invade!
No way is left for flight; no place conceals;
But, to and fro, the tott'ring ſyſtem reels!
Proſtrate with horror, they begin to pray:
But thunders waft their faithleſs groans away!

Where now, ye impious Crew, that mock the Juſt,
Are fled your cobweb ſchemes; your carnal truſt!
Ye wealthy Fools, where now your ſervile train;
Your heaps of ſhining gold; your wide domain?
Will Riches purchaſe Pardon, Peace enſure?
Will Titles bribe your Judge, or Heav'n procure?
Too late, your bold impieties reſign:
Nought now avails—but Righteouſneſs divine!

Lift up your heads, ye Saints, with joys unknown;
The Conflict's o'er, and Vict'ry is your own!

Your great Redeemer comes! beneath whoſe wheels,
Low ſinks the vaulted ſky, and groaning yields!
The rending heav'ns retire, to give him way;
And wide unfold the radient Courts of day!
Behold! on high, the bright angelic bands,
In glitt'ring files await his high commands!
With outſpread wings, and nerv'd for eager flight,
Obey, more rapid than a ray of light!
While loud Hoſannas burſt from ev'ry tongue!
And untold thouſands join the rapt'rous Song.
Glory! triumphant, ſwells their lofty ſtrains,
To HIM who dy'd, and roſe, and ever reigns;
The Maker and the Judge of Earth and Heav'n,
Be endleſs praiſe and ceaſeleſs glory giv'n!!
Now, at his feet, each Saint, redeem'd, renews
The loud Hoſannas! and the theme purſues!

Lo! the laſt Trumpet ſounds—whoſe clangors fill,
With terror, all the hollow vault of Hell!
'The Judge deſcends, to paſs your final doom—
Ariſe, ye Dead, and unto Judgment come!'
Awake, and ſing, ye Slumb'rers in the duſt!
He comes—the great Deliverer of the Juſt——
Behold! reſplendant in the dazzling Eaſt,
High in midair a ſnow-white Throne is plac'd!
The Judge appears——Th' eternal thunders roar
His high Decree, that Time ſhall be no more!!
Hail, Tempeſts, and dire Storms his ſtate attend;
Lightning and flame to gild his paſſage blend;
On wings of flaming Cherubim, abroad,
In awful ſplendor rides th' incarnate God!
Ten thouſand thouſand of the Sons of Day,
Begirt with might, ſurround him on his way;
Sublime in majeſty his eyeballs roll,
And flaſh confuſion thro' each guilty Soul;
His noſtrils breathe out ſmoke and quiv'ring flame;
His tongue emits the forked lightning's gleam;
And, when he ſpeaks, ten thouſand thunders roar;
And all the proſtrate pow'rs of Heav'n adore!
A beamy wreath around his temples twines,
And all the Godhead in full glory ſhines!

His ſacred hands, and feet, and ſide ſtill bear
The bloody Mark of Nails, and Spear, imprinted th
Grace, Joy, and Peace, and Mercy, all divine,
Upon his right hand do effulgent ſhine:
Upon his left, incenſed Juſtice ſtands;
And vengeance, for abuſed grace, demands.
His holy Laws, each attribute maitains;
One whole Divinity throughout them reigns.
Cherubs and Seraphs 'round his throne do bend;
And all the flaming Choirs of Heav'n attend!
Thrones and Dominions proſtrate at his feet;
And Spirits, wing'd with lightning, on him wait!
Some, cloth'd in Mercy's ſoul-attractive charms;
Others, the blaſting bolts of Vengeance arms!

Is this the God who in the manger lay!
Is this the Man who dy'd on Calvary!!
Now frighted ſkies before his preſence roll,
And cling together like a flaming ſcroll;
At his approach, arm'd with vindictive ire,
The mountains ſmoke—the melting Heav'ns retire!
Around him throng the ſpirits of the Juſt,
To hail their riſing Kindred of the duſt.
Loud the celeſtial Court his glories laud,
And ſhout Hoſanna to the reigning God!

The ſhrill Alarm doth penetrate the ſea,
Which yields, in ſwarms, its long-concealed prey;
Immerſed Armies, from their wat'ry grave,
In myriads burſt from ev'ry teeming wave;
Each hungry Monſter of the foaming main,
Doth reimburſe each particle again!

The ſlumb'ring Tenants of the earth awake,
And, piece by piece, their yawning graves forſake:
Here ſever'd heads their ſep'rate bodies meet;
Trunks ſeek their limbs; and limbs, their hands, or feet.
Here eyes, and teeth, and ſcatter'd brains do ſwim
Thro' air, and ſea, and vacant ſockets claim!
Diſſever'd ſculls do fly from ſhore to ſhore——
Trees, Birds, and Beaſts, the human ſpoils reſtore!

From putrid carcaſſes, and crawling worms,
Riſe human Monſters, and celeſtial forms!
Thoſe who, in early ages, were devour'd,
By tranſmutating Monſters, are reſtor'd!

Within the Churchyard dire confuſion reigns!
The yawning grave no Tenant now contains!
Graves change their nature, living forms aſſume,
And ſep'rate atoms fly from tomb to tomb;
Bone ſeeks its bone, each part unites again,
And kindred fragments rally into Men!
Some perfect riſe, complete in ev'ry part;
Some lack a limb; and ſome a head, or heart:
In haſte, each needed member to regain,
Some traverſe earth; ſome ſkim the raging main.
Nay, ſome unfiniſh'd Beings dare purſue,
And claim a particle from me or you!
Boldly yon Mortals' heart, or brains, explore,
Who each eſſential fibre muſt reſtore!

How changed now doth ev'ry face appear!
Where is the living Man——the dead Man, where!!
Mortals, where will we fly! How will we ſtand!
Heav'n, and air, and earth, and ocean blend!
Earth heaves with ſtrong, convulſed, eager ſtrife;
And ev'ry clod is burſting into life!
While pregnant Nature, with expiring cries,
Gives birth to Immortality—and dies!
Time drops his fly diſguiſe, his maſk and plumes,
And vaſt Eternity——Eternity aſſumes!!

The Judge commands——His winged guards obey,
And thro' the ſmoaking air thoſe crouds convey.
In dazzling choirs, the Juſt ſurround his Throne,
With wonder new, and joy before unknown!
Deck'd in tranſcendant beauty, all divine,
They with their bright immortal Spirits join;
Then, rapt'rous, fall beneath his ſacred feet,
And at his grand levee, with rev'rence wait;
Who them with robes of ſhining white ſurrounds;
Palms in their hands he puts—on their heads, crowns—

Wrought by himſelf, or purchas'd by his Blood;
When on the Croſs he hung—the dying God!

Perfect they are, in God's unerring ſight,
Who views them with a ſmile of pure delight;
Then bids them 'Come'—O! hear the Savior ſay,
'Ye bleſſed of my Father, come away!
Heav'n is your own; and ye yourſelves are mine;
And I, and all that God can give, are thine!
When I, oppreſt with ſickneſs, want, and pain,
And in a loathſome priſon did remain,
You ſooth'd my ſuff'rings; for my woes you griev'd;
My dungeon viſited—my wants reliev'd.'

Amaz'd! they cry, 'Lord, juſt and true art thou!
And long ador'd; but ne'er beheld 'till now!
Or, if beheld, 'twas cloth'd with pow'r divine;
From ſuff'ring far remov'd, or aid of mine!'

'I in the humble contrite boſom reign,
Unſeen, yet lov'd; but never lov'd in vain;
My ſuff'ring Members mov'd your kind regard—
Their Debts I will repay; your Love reward.'

With rapture, ever new, they take their ſeat
At his right hand, in glory infinite:
With beauty, all divine, in ev'ry face,
They ſhine th' unſpotted mirrors of his grace!

Ungodly Sinners, next their ſentence meet;
And, quaking, ſtand around the Judgment-ſeat!
The darkeſt vault, below, no longer holds,
In deep oblivious lakes, theſe guilty Souls:
Each boiling Ocean doth emit its prey;
The mandate high, e'en Fiends now muſt obey!

Lo! what deformed Monſters of deſpair,
To hear their doom, around the Throne repair!
Hated, and hating; yet unite they muſt,
Each with his own pale Carcaſe of diſguſt!
Fain would the haggard Wretches ſhelter take,
Beneath the vaſt ſulphureous boiling lake!

Fain would they, now, with kindred Devils dwell,
Immers'd beneath the deepeſt gulph in Hell!
To meet their Judge, they dare not—yet muſt go,
And drink the full-fraught meaſure of their woe!
Woes ever new; for, O! the Wicked's doom
Is pure, unmingled, Pain——and yet to come!
'Depart, ye curſed, into endleſs fire—
With Fiends moſt fierce, and Devils damn'd, retire!
For, when my ſuff'ring Members ye did ſee,
No mercy mov'd your breaſts, to pity me.'

Now, ye ungodly Wiſe, aſſert your ſchemes;
Undaunted mock thoſe ſuperſtitious dreams!
The Son of God, with impious ſcorn diſown,
And hurl this bold Uſurper from his throne!
Diſpute his Laws, and ſlight his high Commands;
Or wreſt the bolts of vengeance from his hands!
Or ſink to Hell, enwrapt in circling flame;
And, trembling, there believe, and ſtill blaſpheme!

What dire diſmay! What unknown torments ſeize
Thoſe Souls with frantic fury and amaze!
They quake, they rave, they feel—and O! they fear
'Infinite Wrath, and infinite Deſpair!'
O! what a priviledge, to them deny'd,
Is dark Annihilation's dreary void!
But, curſt with Immortality, they go
To unreſpited and unpitied woe!
In vain are pray'rs, and tears, and groans, and cries—
All, but a curſt exiſtence, God denies!

What ſhudd'ring Terrors ſeize my trembling Muſe,
As ſhe the dread, but ſure, event purſues!

Thoſe on the left are ſet—when, 'wrapt in gloom,
Great LUCIFER attends, to hear his doom—
By Angels dragg'd before the flaming Bar,
Black with th' avenging thunderbolts of War;
Loaded with chains, and rent with anguiſh, comes,
And, madd'ning with diſdainful fury, foams!
Forc'd from each black tartarian gulph or cell,
Around him throng the ghaſtly pow'rs of Hell!

Once bright Arch-angels in the realms of day:
Now fierce gigantic Monſters of diſmay!
The ſhining Court, with blaſted glory ſpread,
And meet the God they envy, hate, and dread!
Swoln with impotent rage, with pride and pains,
In agony infernal they gnaw their chains!
In vain they rage and rave—They muſt applaud
The righteous ſentence of their ſov'reign God!

This God their Judge—his awful doom their Hell;
Immortal hatred all their hearts do ſwell!
Objects abhorr'd, of terror and diſguſt;
Self-loath'd, and hating; curſing, and accurs'd;
They, yelling, ſink——Th' eternal thunders break,
And Lightnings waft them to the burning Lake!
They there, confin'd in everlaſting chain,
Enwrapt in flames, the ſport of winds remain!
While Juſtice opes, of Plagues, her awful ſtores,
And pure, unmingled vengeance on them pours!

The Judge commands—and each deſpairing Ghoſt
Is dragg'd, by Furies, to the infernal coaſt;
There, chain'd in ſubterraneous lakes of woe,
Like flaming Salamanders, fiercely glow!
Conſcience, like a fell Giant, arm'd for war,
Rends their rack'd Souls with Torment and Deſpair!

They call the pond'rous mountains to their aid,
And ſupplicate the rocks to hide their head!
They call and plead—but, O! they plead in vain——
The trembling rocks and mountains rend in twain;
And thro' the air, in flaming vollies fly;
While air, and earth, and heav'n, and ſea, and ſky,
Forming one vaſt conſolidated flame,
Sink—and the glory of the God proclaim!

Then to the right the Saviour turns his face,
To the dear objects of redeeming grace;
And ſays, 'My Love, my Undefiled, come,
And ſhare my bliſs, my glory, and my home.
Behold! the new Jeruſalem, of God!
This I prepar'd, your ever-ſure abode——

No ſin, nor ſorrow, finds admittance there:
Huſh'd is each ſigh, and dry is ev'ry tear.
No Sun nor Moon do ſhine to give it light;
No Stars are there; nor is their any night!
God is the Light thereof; and ev'ry ray
Of Glory, infinite, eternal day!
And all is yours; and ye are mine alone;
For, FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, are but one.
Then come, ye Heirs of Glory, reign with me;
And Kings and Prieſts to God immortal be.'

Here ſtop, my ſoaring Muſe, fold up thy wings;
Let high Arch-angels ſtrike the ſounding ſtrings.
And, in celeſtial numbers, ſweet, explain,
What mortal language ſtrives to paint in vain:
For eye hath neither ſeen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor human heart conceiv'd, the joys prepar'd
In the pure regions of delight, above——
'Tis one vaſt ocean of eternal LOVE!

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE following Notes were originally written at the Requeſt, and intended for the Amuſement, of a highly reſpected Lady. They are now offered to the Public, in compliance with the joint Solicitations of a number of Perſons, of the firſt Character, who have honored me with a particular and very diſintereſted Friendſhip. In ſubmitting to their Judgment, in this particular, I will honeſtly confeſs that I have done conſiderable violence to my own; as I am ſenſible that the Performance is, at beſt, inſipid and trifling; and abounds with ſo many Defects, that, if it fail of incurring Contempt, my moſt ſanguine Expectations will be realized.

A faultleſs Performance, I preſume, is ſeldom to be found, even from the ableſt Pens, and under the moſt favorable Circumſtances: And, indeed, I conceive it poſſible for an Author to be very correct and methodical; and, withal, exceedingly dull. The ſame Energy of Mind, which is requiſite to enable an Author to write with Spirit, frequently, through Defect of human Judgment, leads him into glaring Errors.

> As Weeds luxuriant in rich Paſtures grow;
> So, from the richeſt Source, rank Errors flow.

May I not hope, that this Conſideration will alleviate the Cenſure of my Readers; that, beſide extreme Inexperience, I had to encounter every Difficulty, which naturally aroſe from the ſituation of a fatigued Traveller, in a mountainous Country, incumbered with the Care of a numerous Family, and laboring under the ſoreſt of all Diſeaſes—a wounded Spirit.

But, as I have no Doubt that the majority of thoſe, who have generouſly favored me with their Indulgence and Patronage, were actuated by the moſt amiable Motives; ſo, it would be highly ungrateful and diſingenuous, if I were to diſtruſt their Lenity, or queſtion their Candor.

THE AUTHORESS.

A DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT

OF A

FAMILY TOUR TO THE WEST;

IN THE YEAR, 1800.

IN A

LETTER TO A LADY.

Donegal townſhip, Lancaſter county, Oct. 7.

MADAM,

THIS Day I am to ſtart for Waſhington, Pennſylvania, in company with my Siſter, who is removing thither with her Family. Mr. ——, her Huſband, purchaſed a Farm in that Settlement, ſome years ago, with an Intention to ſettle there; but many Obſtacles have hitherto prevented his accompliſhing this Deſign. Theſe, however, are now removed; and the long-procraſtinated Journey is about to commence.

You, Madam, can better imagine, than I deſcribe, the variety of Feelings which agitate my Mind, as the moment appproaches which is to ſeparate me from my tender Infants. Yes, Madam, 'impell'd by ſtrong Neceſſity's ſupreme Command,' I am commencing an Exile from my native home, my Family, and all my heart holds dear on earth; with the humble Intention of ſeeking, among Strangers, that ſympathetic Friendſhip, to which the Child of Misfortune has ever a Claim; and of procuring an Aſylum where, far removed from the varied ſcene of my more proſperous days, in the tranquil boſom of Retirement and Solitude, I may become ſo familiarized with Adverſity, as to forget that I once was bleſt. There, Madam, ſuperior to the precarious favors of

capricious Fortune, and unterrified by her frown, might I not hope to enjoy thoſe independent Bleſſings, which the world can neither confer nor withhold.

In compliance with your Requeſt, I purpoſe to write you a familiar Journal of our Perigrination weſtward; and to relate Occurrences, unadorned, as they take place; with ſuch Obſervations as Nature may ſuggeſt, while preſenting me with a view of ſome of her moſt magnificent Productions.

Our Family conſiſts of ten Perſons; five of whom are Children. Our mode of travelling is in a Wagon; a kind of Conveyance entirely new to us all; but particularly ſo to me, who am, in every ſenſe of the word, a homebred Ruſtic; and enter on this Journey with thoſe raiſed Expectations, which Perſons of this deſcription are apt to poſſeſs, when entering on a ſcene calculated, by its Novelty, to gratify that laudable Curioſity, inherent in every breaſt, unhurt by Apathy, and not ſpoiled by Art.

Pleaſure, however, is not my ſole Object in this Excurſion. There are two more potent, and, I truſt, more laudable Motives, ſtimulating me to undertake this Journey. My Siſter (into whoſe Protection I have been thrown by the rough hand of unrelenting Adverſity) has been, under divine Providence, my ſole Dependance. She is now in a declining ſtate of Health: And ſome one ſays, that 'the Wants and Weakneſſes of Individuals form the great Bonds of Society.'

> Our moſt endearing Intercourſes riſe
> From mutual Weakneſs, Wants, and Sympathies;
> All are but parts of one complete Machine,
> And act ſubſervient to one great Deſign:
> Here reſts a pillar, there a pendant leans;
> This turns a wheel, and that a ſpring contains.
> By one great moving Cauſe in ev'ry Mind,
> Parts devious in themſelves are all combin'd:
> 'Tis potent Intereſt governs great and ſmall,
> And ſly Self-love's the maſterkey in all.

Our place of Deſtination is two hundred and fifty miles from Lancaſter county; and as our Family is in the moſt uncomfortable ſituation for travelling, both on account of

my Sister's health, and the age and number of the Children, it is supposed that it will take three weeks to accomplish our Journey.

But I must depart——To Children, Friends, and Acquaintances, with trembling hand and palpitating heart, I bid a long, and perhaps a last adieu!

'O hills! O vales! where I have stray'd;
Ye woods that wrapt me in your shade;
O scenes I've often wander'd o'er;
O scenes I shall behold no more;
I take a long, last, ling'ring view—
Adieu, my native land, adieu!'

OCTOBER 8. Dauphin county. After travelling 18 miles, through very swampy roads, occasioned by the late excessive rains, we arrived late last night at an Inn. We were quite spiritless; and, if not altogether unhappy, at least sufficiently so to prevent our enjoying that sweet restorative of exhausted Nature, balmy Sleep. We were likewise disturbed by the Noise of an intoxicated Gentleman. O, Madam, how little were his Feelings in unison with ours! Why is it, that the fine enthusiastic Sensibilities of our Nature, which qualify us for, and give a zest to, the most refined Enjoyments of Life, are thus perpetually exposed to have their delicate edge blunted by a thousand Rudenesses and Vulgarities? Thus furnishing a source of exquisite Torture to their unhappy Possessors!

Philosophers may argue as wisely as they please, and attribute what wonders they will, to Sympathy; and inculcate the Principles of universal Benevolence, with all the powers of Eloquence, and strength of Argument; yet, I am sceptical enough to disbelieve that the former ever exists, in any great degree, except between Parties possessing congenial Dispositions; and that the latter, though a fine-spun theory, is by no means reducible to practice; and, consequently, exists only in the Imagination of those exalted Geniuses, who scorn to depreciate their own refined Speculations, by comparing them with the vulgar Experience of real Life. I am only eighteen miles from home; yet I begin to perceive

that the links of the chain which bind Man to Man are become exceedingly fragile: And, however bending the Principles of univerſal Benevolence may be, they form no diſtinguiſhing trait in the Character of your humble Servant.

This morning we croſſed the Suſquehanna; and ſuch is my Fear of venturing into a Ferry-boat, that it required a full quarter of an hour's Reaſoning to convince me, that, to a Predeſtinarian, the greateſt Danger, and no Danger, is abſolutely the ſame thing! Perhaps there are no two things in Nature more at variance, than my Principles and Practice: For, though I indubitably believe in the univerſal Sovereignty of the Deity; yet I perceive I am never willing to reſign the reigns of government into his hands, while I can poſſibly hold them in my own.

Cumberland County. Figure to yourſelf, Madam, a fine champaign Country; in the higheſt ſtate of Cultivation; here and there interſperſed with decent Farm-houſes; while the adjacent Lands appear in all the pride of Autumnal Glory:

> And bounteous Ceres clothes each ſmiling vale,
> And the pleas'd Swain relates his artleſs tale;
> The Woodman's pond'rous ſtrokes, the Virgin's ſongs,
> And whiſtling echo, ſtill each note prolongs.

The proſpect is grand, and bounded by the bending ſkies, or terminated by the interference of ſurrounding mountains; which riſe like ſmoky columns, and loſe their azure ſummits amidſt the fleeting clouds. Call in the livelieſt aids of your Imagination, Madam; and, when you have pictured a Landſcape conſummately lovely, you will have that with which I am at preſent ſurrounded: Who,

> Abſorb'd in Care, from life's gay ſcenes retire,
> To taſte the joys ſweet Solitude inſpire;
> There, ſtretch'd beneath the cool refreſhing ſhade,
> View beaut'ous Nature, rich by Art array'd.

OCTOBER 9. Laſt night we enjoyed the Bleſſings of a comfortable Supper, excellent Lodging, and calm refreſhing Sleep. This morning the ſpirits of the greateſt part of us are enveloped in a thick cloud, which neither the rays of the natural Sun can diſpel, nor the intellectual beam enlighten. To me, this Journey, as yet, is but a perpetual ſcene of delightful variety; though I believe the nature of our Situation demands, that, in order to poſſeſs ſome Advantages, it is neceſſary to ſacrifice others: And they who aim at graſping a great variety, generally fail of ſecuring any. Imaginary Evils are not only the moſt numerous, but likewiſe the moſt intolerable, under which the human Family groan—Evils, for which neither Nature nor Grace, amidſt all their multifarious reſources, exhibit any aſſuaſive Remedy.

Carliſle. This Town is beautifully ſituated, and ſeems very populous. I think the generality of the People I have ſeen poſſeſs an air of impertinent Curioſity; for a more particular Deſcription of which, I refer you to the Story of the Noſe, related by the inimitable STERNE.

I would here remark, Madam, that it is one of the Misfortunes of Travellers, that their Situation excludes them, in a great meaſure, from the Society of thoſe who are generally ſtyled 'the better Sort;' and conſequently, their Obſervations are, for the moſt part, confined to the Populace.

OCTOBER 10. Laſt night we lodged at ——; where, amidſt a variety of vexatious Incidents, which had almoſt metamorphoſed me into a ſnarling Cynic, to my great relief I had the Happineſs to be introduced to a perſon of Intelligence and Reſpectability; who was likewiſe a Lodger. His agreeable Converſation ſerved as a Taliſman, both to reſtore my ſpirits, and reduce my temper; upon which, the repulſive looks and behavior of the Landlady had produced a very oppoſite effect.

You, Madam, whom I believe to be no Adept in the ſcience of Phyſiognomy, will ſcarce credit the Influence which a Countenance poſſeſſes over a whimſical Being like myſelf;

who conſider the Face as a Title-page, and every variati of the Features, an Index, to the human Heart.

Our Landlord was one of thoſe inoffenſive Creatur whoſe Character I ſhall give you a ſketch of, in the follo ing lines:

They eat, they sleep, they walk about;
Go here and there, and in and out;
But neither think, contrive, nor do,
Things good, or bad, or old, or new.
Not wise of speech, of heart, or head;
Nor quite a Fool, alive, nor dead;
Who purpose just to live and die;
But care not how, nor when, nor why.

Franklin county. I think the Land is poor, and th generality of the Houſes are but Huts; yet the Inhabitant appear to be well informed: And, if it is proper to draw determinate Concluſion from preſumptive Evidence, we ar drawing near the frontiers of Refinement.

Pine grows here in great abundance. The Trees ar exceedingly tall and beautiful; and retain their verdu through all the ſeverity of Winter.

The Town of Shippenſburg contains many good Houſe is a mile in length, and conſiſts principally of one Stree From this place, we made a Viſit to ——, accompanied b Mr. ——, with whom we took Tea; and afterwards pr ceeded, by a kind of by-road, to our preſent Lodging Here we were entertained with the whole Vocabulary o his Satanic Majeſty; with ſome Additions and Alterations entirely on a new Plan: The whole executed in ſo maſterl a manner, that one is led to conclude it is the Productio of his Prime Miniſter. But it is the Opinion of ſome, wh are wiſer than myſelf, that it is indebted for its origin t one of the Stable Grooms of that unhappy Monarch. It i however, indiſputably the diſcriminating Dialect of th demoniacal Fraternity, and an undeniable Badge of thei Loyalty.

Let black Infernals, in the realms of Night,
In impious Oaths, and Jests profane, delight:
But let not Man the direful theme repeat;
For he, who swears, will lie, betray, and cheat.

Our Landlord is really a ſmart young Man, and unites, his individual perſon, the various Virtues of Soldier, teſman, and Innkeeper! He acquits himſelf, I am in- ned, with amazing Dexterity, in his manifold Capacity; declares himſelf perfectly willing to add another trait to Character, by commencing Lover. Of all Men I ever w, he ſeems to be the beſt calculated to carry on an our, with what the French call a *Coup de main;* for his ole Deportment carries an air of Intrepidity, which baf- Repulſe, and ſets Reſiſtance at defiance. There is in his npany a young Gentleman, whoſe Manners declare him e of a different Character; and he endeavors to apologize his Companion, by aſſuring us, 'that, notwithſtanding Eccentricity, he has an excellent Heart.' Doctor (ſaid I) eſpect your Veracity, as your Panegyric did not include Head likewiſe.

OCTOBER 11. Seated in a neat little Breakfaſt-parlor, the pleaſant Village of Straſburg, I am amuſing myſelf, obſerving the military Evolutions of a Brigade of well- iplined Soldiers. This appears to me, an Exerciſe better ulated to diſplay the manly graces of a finely-propor- ied Figure, than the moſt approved Country-dance I ever . In its nature, it ſeems to combine ſo much of the gant and Uſeful, that I preſume there are few Amuſe- its, in which a Gentleman can engage, that offer him air an Opportunity of complimenting his Underſtanding.

Here we are preſented with a ſtriking Contraſt. On one d lies a fine level Country, ſmooth as the unruffled face Heaven, in all the pride of luxurious Vegetation. On other, clad in awful ſublimity and majeſtic grandeur, the ſtupendous Mountains; which heave their foreſt- wned ſummits to the cloulds—

There shroud their awful brow, whose nodding frown
Sheds a deep, dark, and chilling horror round.

Surely, one would think that Nature had here drawn her Boundary-line; fixed her limits with the moſt impregnable barriers; and ſaid to the intrepid Sons of Men, 'Hitherto but no farther, ſhall ye come!'

What a prodigious object is this Mountain! All I have ever beheld, of the Works of Art, ſink into Inſignificance, when compared with this maſterly Production of Nature. How mighty is He, whoſe voice can ſhake it to the centre!

'At whose Command, the weighty rocks
Are swift as hailstones hurl'd!
Who dare engage HIS fiery rage,
Who shakes the solid world!' WATTS.

I have ſeated myſelf, Madam, on the higheſt pinnacle of the firſt Mountain. Never before did I breathe the pure ſalubrious Air, in ſo exalted a ſituation. Below, lies an extenſive Country, embelliſhed with all the Arts of civilized Life; whoſe Towns and Villages are now finely decorated by the mellow tints of an Autumnal Sun; which ſheds a grand Sublimity over the ſcene with which I am ſurrounded, and wakes every faculty of the Soul into a glow of enthuſiaſtic Ardor.

Great God, how pow'rful is thy hand!
Thy Works, how great! how wise!
Low sink the vales, at thy command—
The tow'ring mountains rise!

At thy command, the Sun unveils
His glories in the East;
And sinks his flaming chariot-wheels
Low, in the distant West.

The waxing and the waning Moon,
Proclaim thy Skill abroad;
And ev'ry rolling Star makes known
The Glories of a God!

Thou dost my heaving Lungs inspire,
Thou form'dst my beating Heart;
My Soul, this spark of heav'nly fire,
Thy Goodness did impart.

Within, without, thy Wisdom bright,
Thy Pow'r, thy Truth I prove:
Nature displays thy works of Might;
But Grace, thy works of Love.

All here is wild—wild, beyond the reach of Deſcription; and great, beyond the graſp of Imagination. Nature, diveſted of the gaudy Decorations of Ornament (like the impetuous Efforts of a maſterly Genius) has here arrayed herſelf in terrific magnificence and ſublimity. The gloomy grandeur of the Scene fills me with a degree of painful Aſtoniſhment. Above, Mountains ſeem heaped on Mountains; whoſe cloud-capt ſummits threaten, in proud defiance, even the Heavens themſelves!

'Heav'd on Olympus, tott'ring Oſſa ſtands;
On Oſſa, Pelion's nodding Forest bends.'

Pine is the only kind of timber this Mountain produces. There is a luxuriant growth of wild Vines, intermingled with a low ſpecies of the Thorn-tree. Theſe, with a ſmall herb, called Mountain-tea, are its principal productions. The Soil is only a looſe Sand, thinly ſpread over the Rocks; which are in moſt places prominent, and frequently riſe in ſtupendous Eminences. The perſevering Pines force their way through the craggy Cliffs, and appear to have no other Soil.

We arrived, by dark, at a neat little Village, between the ſecond and third Mountains, called Fannetſburg. Between the firſt and ſecond, there is a narrow Valley, in which we dined, and had our Horſes fed. I believe the ſecond Mountain is the higheſt of theſe three; and, added to its native wildneſs, being excluded from all proſpect of civilized Life, it has an appearance of Solitude and Terror, beyond any thing my Imagination, in its moſt gloomy Excurſions, ever formed. There are ſeveral Huts on the Mountains; the Inhabitants of which make a miſerable Living, by retailing Liquors to the many Travellers who paſs that way.

This little Village, Fannetſburg, is ſituated in the midſt of a lovely Valley, called the Path; and, although encloſed

in the ſolitary boſom of ſurrounding Mountains, its Inh bitants enjoy a degree of luxurious Plenty; and our Hoſ are really polite. The Valley is in ſuch perfect Cultivatio that, to our view, it exhibited the proſpect of a delightfi Garden, as we travelled round the ſides of the Mountain.

To aſcend theſe Mountains on foot (and not one of t will ride over them) is a taſk truly arduous. To deſcen them, is by no means leſs difficult; as they are ſo exceec ingly ſtony, that one can ſcarce get ſtable footing, for or yard in a place. We are all fatigued, eſpecially the Chi dren; and my Siſter is almoſt exhauſted.

To travel through this Region, Madam, demands th exerciſe of Fortitude; and thoſe who are Strangers to thi Virtue, will here learn how to appreciate its value.

OCTOBER 12. Huntingdon county. This morning i cloudy, and portends a rainy day. It is the Sabbath; bu the Inn, in which we lodged, is ſo crouded, that we hav determined to croſs the third Mountain before we breakfaſt and there remain until Monday.

Thro' desart hills and lonely wilds I roam;
Unnumber'd toils increasing as I go;
Far from my dearest Friends, my native home,
And Happiness, alas! I fear from you.

Back, thro' the dreary void, I cast my eyes,
And feel a rising pang at each remove;
Close as the cords of life are Nature's ties;
And stronger far than Death, are those of Love!

I bid the Muse assuage my rising grief:
The Muse obeys, and pours the plaintive strain;
Her melting notes afford the wish'd relief,
And soothe my troubled Mind to peace again.

Then hail! thou sacred Source of Bliss refin'd;
Thy sweet, celestial, soul-expanding charms
Soothe the corroding Sorrows of the Mind,
And ev'ry Ill of human life disarms.

After immenſe Difficulty, in climbing the ſteep aſce (rendered doubly difficult by the ſhowers that were fallin

which made the Road ſo ſlippery that it was often impoſſible for us to keep our feet) we came to a Fire, about half a mile from the ſummit. Here, on the brow of the ſolitary Mountain, three poor Families had paſſed the Night. With truth it may be ſaid, that their Couch was the cold Earth; their Chamber, the unlimited regions of Space; and their Covering, the ſpacious canopy of Heaven.

Little, O ye Sons and Daughters of Affluence and Luxury—who ſtretch yourſelves on Couches of Ivory, and eat the Lambs out of the Flock, and the Calves out of the midſt of the Stall; who chaunt to the ſound of the Viol, and invent for yourſelves Inſtruments of Muſic, like David—little do you think of the Toils, the Privations, and Sufferings which numbers of the human Family daily endure!

At this Fire, we determined to prepare our Breakfaſt; as we had every neceſſary Article with us, except Water. This I went in ſearch of, by the guidance of a ſmall winding Path, which led down the Declivity. My Attention ſoon became ſo much occupied with ſurrounding Objects, that I forgot my Errand, neglected the Path, and ſtrayed from place to place, examining the Curioſities of Nature; unmindful of the exiſtence of any other Individual of the Family of Adam; until I became entangled in a Thicket, on the brow of a frightful Precipice! This awoke me to a ſenſe of the Impropriety of my Conduct. There was no Appearance of any human Being ever having trodden the lonely Labyrinth; and the Proſpect, from every quarter, preſented a ſcene of wild Devaſtation and Horror.

'Here Melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe.'

After various ineffectual Attempts to regain the Road I had left (which had exhauſted my Strength, confuſed my Ideas, and entirely incapacitated me for any further Exertion) I quietly ſat down; and, in the ſpace of three minutes, was as happy as Imagination could make me.

Retir'd, in social converse with the heart;
Each thought at home, each vanity apart;
Here, in this deep sequester'd gloom obscure,
Unpierc'd by Fancy, from Deceit secure;
Tell me, my Soul, what Meditation taught,
Reason confirms, and wise Experience bought.
'Tis not in noise, nor crouds, in jest or song,
The laughing circle, nor the dancing throng,
That sweet celestial Happiness you'll find:
She sits enthroned in the virtuous Mind.'

I was quietly following the Impulses of my vagrant Muse; when the arrival of my Brother, and a wish to regain my Friends (who were almost in despair of ever seeing me) obliged me to treat her with considerable Abruptness.

No Persuasions being sufficient to deter our Ladies from executing their romantic plan of Breakfasting on the Mountain, we proceeded to its summit; where sumptuous Preparations are going forward; while I, seated by the side of a beautiful Spring, am alternately engaged in contemplating the surrounding Scenery, and in feintly sketching some of its leading Features; in order to transmit the imperfect Resemblance to you.

The Air, on these Eminences, is exceedingly thin and sharp; and the Weather changes every quarter of an hour; or, rather, we have every kind of Weather at the same time. The Sun is shining bright on the summit, where I now am; the midst is enveloped in Clouds; while heavy Rains are falling in the Valley below.

Here the Soul is uncommonly alive. Perhaps these are the Scenes for exalted Meditation; or the favorite haunts of the Muses: Or, it may be, as we approach nearer to the celestial Regions, the native element of Spirits, ours become more alert and invigorated; or, perhaps, surrounded as we are with sublime Objects, and those operating on the Senses, they communicate the most exalted Ideas to the Mind; which, exerting all its powers in the Contemplation of awful Nature, expands, until—bursting the Shackles which confine it to Earth, and asserting its native Prerogative and Inde-

pendence—it riſes, in a kind of enthuſiaſtic Ardor, and contemplates the Perfections of Nature's God!

We have made a delightful Breakfaſt, ſomewhat in Imitation of the Turkiſh Mode; but differing in this particular: Our Forms and Carpets were of Nature's manufacturing; and the Circumſtance which gave the higheſt zeſt to our Entertainment was, that we could once more enjoy the Bleſſings of Life, and the Pleaſures of domeſtic Society, independent of every Being, except Omnipotence.

I am ſenſible, Madam, that Happineſs is neither limited to Time nor Circumſtances; that the capricious Goddeſs ſometimes favors us with a Viſit, when her Company is leaſt expected; and that, like a modern Coquette, while ſhe flies from her ardent Purſuers, ſhe laviſhes her choiceſt Smiles on thoſe who treat her with Diſregard. But I am far from ſuppoſing it an unpardonable Outrage againſt Probability, to aſſert, that Perſons of delicate Senſibility (except in particular Situations) enjoy the feweſt Favors, of this kind, of any Claſs in the train of her numerous Adorers.

The trembling ſtrings, if touch'd with ſkill,
Thro' ev'ry nerve do rapture thrill;
But, if by artful rudeness prest,
Despair and anguish seize the breast:
Diſcordant notes, or tones, impart
Exquiſite feelings to the heart.

We arrived, by ten o'clock, at a very genteel private Lodging; where we purpoſe to remain until Monday. This Houſe, with all its Furniture, exhibits the moſt pleaſing emblem of Induſtry, Neatneſs, and Economy. The hoſpitable Inhabitants are more cordial than ceremonious; and, from the oldeſt to the youngeſt, poſſeſs a native Simplicity which, I believe, never fails to recommend itſelf, as the moſt convincing Evidence of a warm and benevolent Heart.

Unſkil'd in ev'ry polish'd rule,
Practis'd in artful Fashion's school;
Who, aiming at exterior grace,
Neglects the heart, to smooth the face;

And, changing honest Nature's plan,
Refines the Manners, not the Man;
Stifles each feeling of the heart,
And paints a half-form'd thing of Art.

This Valley is very fertile. I think the Soil is excelle for Paſturage; as I obſerve there are upwards of fo large Cheeſes ripening, in the Apartment where I now We are ſupplied with all the choice Dainties of the Dai which, on this Road, are the greateſt Luxuries one can preſented with.

OCTOBER 13. It has rained all day; we have progreſ only five miles; and lodge, to-night, weſt of Fort Littlet Here is a large and very jolly Company, which had, prior our arrival, engaged every Bed and Bedchamber in the Hou We are reduced to the diſagreeable Neceſſity of ſleeping Chairs, Benches, or any other way we pleaſe; ſurround at the ſame time, with a group of Demi-politicians, an quarian Story-tellers, and quibbling Humoriſts, who co Popularity by every melting meaſure of ſober Dullne The great diverſity of their Talents renders our ſituati extremely tantalizing: For when, by the powers of Orato our paſſions are compoſed into the moſt ſlumberous attitud the marvellous Adventures of the travelling, or the brilli Flaſhes of the punning, part of our Society, excite our Af niſhment and inflame our Imagination to ſuch a degree, t Morpheus is not only ſuſpended from his Throne, but ab lutely baniſhed from his Dominions.

Sick of thoſe ſilly vehicles of thought
(With hackney'd jokes and cobweb fancies fraught)
Of wond'rous tales, ſarcaſms, and grimace,
And ev'ry ſly viciſitude of face;
Where flippant Coxcombs ape the fire of Wit,
And grinning Rudeneſs compliments the Cit;
Where Dullneſs drops the unfeeling Jeſt, ſevere,
And bleeding Senſibility—a Tear;
Where bluſhing Modeſty her Veil aſſumes,
And coy reluctant Genius ſeldom comes—
O let me ſeek the conſecrated bow'rs,
Where fairy-finger'd Fancy paints the flow'rs;
Where young Imagination's wings expand,
And myſtic Worlds ariſe at her command;

Her glitt'ring stores, where feign'd Elysium gilds,
And Paradise her golden treasure yields;
Where sylvan Graces strike th' enchanting lyre,
And Demi-gods the Poet's brains inspire—
There let me wander, pensive and alone,
Estrang'd from Apathy, to Art unknown;
There let my kindling Contemplations rise,
'Till Thought takes wing, and Fancy mounts the skies.

OCTOBER 15. Bedford county. Yesterday we crossed Sidling-hill, and lodged at the foot of Ray's Hill. These are only distinguished from Mountains, by the Name.

The House in which we lodged is small, and has only one habitable Apartment. Two sorry Beds, an equal number of Chairs, and some Benches, with the addition of two Wheels, constituted its principal Furniture. All the Landlord's Family, which was not small, and ours, were promiscuously blended together. The day had rained, and the night was severely cold. To increase our Difficulties, three Families of Yankees arrived, after we had supped; and no Persuasion of ours could prevail on them to proceed farther.

This Neighborhood is so mountainous, that few parts of it admit of Cultivation; but its Inhabitants are the robust Sons of Nature.

The Roads are very bad; and the Juniata twines itself into so many Circumvolutions, that it rolls alternately on the right and left sides of the Road. The lofty Pines form a gloomy shade, and almost exclude the rays of the Sun.

You may free yourself of all Apprehension, Madam, of my Pen taking an undue Licence here. You may take my word for it, that to exaggerate, in describing the terrific Wildness of this Country, would require the efforts of a Genius infinitely superior to mine.

Great Nature, scorning ev'ry polish'd grace,
In awful terror decks her frowning face;
Assumes the ancient sceptre of her throne,
Bids Art retire, and reigns supreme alone.

To-night we enjoy all the Comforts our ſituation will admit; among which, a clean Room and a cheering Fire are very conſpicuous. But I drop the Pen, and acknowledge myſelf capable of no higher Employment, to-night, than that of the moſt indolent Animal.

OCTOBER 17. This is a rainy day, and the Roads are very bad. We travel ſlowly; my Siſter's delicate Health not admitting of the violent Exerciſe, which, on this Road, is almoſt unavoidable. We are all much fatigued; and, the the Team being overloaded, I am obliged to walk.

Bedford is a dull-looking Place; the greater number of the Buldings being old, and out of Repair. I am no Connoiſſeur in theſe things; but am told, the Town is handſomely ſituated. To my taſte, it is too cloſely ſurrounded with Mountains. Tough I can admire the Sublime; yet I perceive that Sublimity loſes much of its effect, when deprived of the advantages of Contraſt. Give me the Scene,

> Where Mountains heave on high their naked brow,
> And gay luxuriant Vales extend below;
> Beneath the Hills, where nodding Forests bend,
> Let bounteous Ceres' golden gifts extend;
> Where copious Rivers lead their swelling train,
> Let rich Pomona clothe each ſmiling plain;
> Where Seasons vary, day ſucceeds to night,
> Contrasts still heighten—change renews delight.

One of our Horſes was foundered; and, for that reaſon, we were obliged to ſolicit Lodging at a little Cabbin.

OCTOBER 20. The Rains having ſwelled the Waters to an alarming degree, we were obliged to tarry at the Seat of a Gentleman, nearly related to the Family, for the ſpace of two days. Yeſterday, being the Sabbath, I went to hear a German Miniſter, in company with three young Ladies. When he had delivered his Diſcourſe, in a Language which we did not underſtand, he was ſo polite as to preach to us in Engliſh. For his Condeſcenſion, I conceived it my Duty to tender him my reſpectful Acknowledgments; and we

parted with as much Cordiality, as if our Friendſhip had been cemented by the growing Intimacy of many years.

'There was a Frankneſs in him, that let you at once into his Soul, and ſhowed you the Goodneſs of his Heart.'

To-day we croſſed the Allegany Mountain, which is not rocky and barren, like the others. There are Farms on the top, and the Land is rich. The aſcent is ſo gradual, that Perſons do not ſuſpect the height they are elevated above the common ſurface of the Earth, until, almoſt at the ſummit, by a ſudden turn in the Road, the Abyſs below appears unveiled—the adjacent Mountain-tops riſing far beneath—while the lofty ſummit of the Allegany towers majeſtically through the opening Clouds, and looks down on the reſt of Creation, as ſovereign Miſtreſs of our Northern World.

My Head grows light, as I contemplate the almoſt unfathomable Gulph below; and, with a heavy Heart, I view the dreadful Barrier that now ſeparates me from my native home, and from you!

OCTOBER 21. Somerſet county. Laſt night we ſlept on the top of the Allegany Mountain. Here we are accommodated with every Luxury that the moſt abject Epicure could deſire, or the moſt benevolent Hoſpitality provide.

Here is a large Company of Gentlemen; one of whom, like myſelf, ſeems to have contracted a paſſion for the Quill; and the reſt of us, either from Reſpect to his Perſon, or Veneration for his Talents, became as ſilent as the Inhabitants of our Great Grandfather's Tombs. As ſoon as a private Parlor could be prepared, our Party retired; and ſome noiſy Perſon, breaking the Charm which held the reſt in Silence, ſung a loud and merry Song. His Example was followed by ſeveral others: They were, however, too humane to ſuffer their Hilarity to deprive us of the Bleſſings of uninterrupted Sleep; which, to a fatigued Traveller, is the moſt refined pleaſure.

As on the lonely mountain's top I slept,
Celestial Guards their wakeful vigils kept;
Around my couch their guardian Ægis sperad,
And balmy Sleep o'er all my senses shed.

Having polished this Jewel of my brain, and leaving the Disciple of the Quill to do the same with his, we continued our route through the Mountains; and are arrived in safety at Stoneycreeek. Here we have alighted; seated ourselves on a large Stone; and are attentively engaged in a Debate, on the height of the surrounding Pine-trees; which is really surprising. In vain do the rays of the Sun exert their Influence to penetrate their bushy tops. The Turpentine, mingling its Perfume with that of the Shrubs and spicy Underwood, fills all the Air with Fragrance. This, with the murmuring of the Water, the clank of the Mill, and the sighing of the Breeze among the Pines, conspire to render Stoneycreek the most melancholy, romantic spot I ever saw.

Here let the lovelorn Wretch repair,
To woo, in sighs, his scornful Fair;
On ev'ry tree imprint her Name,
Or tell the passing winds his Flame.

To-night we sleep at a private House; the Owner of which has blessed the Community with fifteen hopeful Sons, and one Daughter. I presume it is uncertain how many more such Tokens of Regard he may bestow on his Country; for, both his Wife and Daughter, a few days ago, have each added one to the number.

October 23. Yesterday we crossed the Laurel-hill; which is very steep, and so rocky that no one would venture to ride over it. The rain and snow began to fall in great abundance; which, freezing, formed a crust on the rocks, and rendered them so slippery, that the utmost Caution was insufficient to prevent our receiving some severe Falls. The Cold was intense; Night came on, with pitchy darkness; and my Sister, unaccustomed to Difficulty, and totally exhausted with Fatigue, was obliged to sit down with her Children on a rock; where she wept.

Our Situation admitted of no other alternative, than periſh on the Hill, or make our way over it on foot; for our Wagon was far before. I perceived the neceſſity of making an extraordinary Exertion; and, taking one Child in my arms, while a young Man who belonged to us, and who had the Ague, took another, we carried them to the foot of the Hill; and afterwards conveyed the two younger Children in the ſame manner. Then my Siſter, by the Aſſiſtance of a young Woman, almoſt as debilitated as herſelf, with much Difficulty, likewiſe made her way over. We were as wet as poſſible, and extremely cold. Conſidering our Situation, the Condition of the Mountain, the darkneſs of the night, and the inclemency of the weather, it is a Miracle to me, that we all arrived ſafe at the baſe of the Laurel-hill.

The circumſtance of my carrying two Children in my arms, more than half my own weight, upwards of two miles, is not ſo extraordinary as I firſt imagined; and I am now ſenſible, that the human ſyſtem, either animal or rational, poſſeſſes Abilities far beyond the knowledge of their Owners, and ſuch as they will by no means credit the exiſtence of, until ſome unforeſeen Occurrence gives them an opportunity of unfolding themſelves: And I preſume, that a Journey over theſe Mountains, eſpecially with a Family, and in an inclement Seaſon, affords a number of them a very ample theatre for exhibition.

I have ſometimes thought, that the human Breaſt reſembles a public Inn, and is a receptacle for every way-faring Gueſt; where it often happens, that, when one has made his exit, another arrives, of quite an oppoſite Character: Yet, the reſpectful Proprietor of the hoſpitable Houſe accommodates himſelf, with amazing facility, to the humor of each! Laſt night I had an opportunity of ſeeing the propriety of this Compariſon: For, though our Feelings were of the moſt uncomfortable kind, having made our way over the Laurel-hill with a Difficulty and Perſeverance that would, in Hannibal's days, have entitled our Names to Immortality; yet, as ſoon as we arrived at its baſe, and diſcovered a Houſe illuminated by cheering Fires, we were the happieſt Group Weſt of the Allegany Mountains.

As brightest Morn succeeds the darkest Night;
So, oft, from Sorrow springs supreme Delight.

When we arrived at the Inn, and found it full of Men of a Savage appearance, in an outlandiſh dreſs, our ſhort interval of Joy was ſucceeded by Perplexity and Terror. However, there was no Alternative, and we entered the Houſe; reſigning ourſelves, with the worſt grace imaginable, to the Protection of that Spirit, who preſides over the Fate of Travellers. One large, unfiniſhed, and unfurniſhed Room, with a Kitchen of equal dimenſions, compoſed the whole of this Building. Both the Apartments were enlivened by an exhilarating Fire; round which ſat upwards of twenty Perſons, engaged in different ſcenes of the moſt turbulent Merriment. Our arrival produced a momentary Calm; and the cheerful readineſs with which they made way for us, and procured us Seats round the Fire, evinced that they were not Strangers to the dictates of Humanity.

Our new Companions were a ſet of Hunters; and, from their Converſation and Behavior, we were led to conclude, that Humanity was their cardinal Virtue. The Innkeeper had no ſpiritous Liquors; and they were therefore forced to practiſe Temperance. This exaſperated them ſo highly, that they ſwore they would extirpate his Signpoſt. So, out they marched, in Battle Array, with purpoſe as ſanguinary againſt the Signpoſt, as was entertained by 'Columbia's heaven-born Band,' when they marched over the Mountains ſome years ſince, upon a ſimilar Expedition! And this Exploit was crowned with ſimilar Succeſs; for, upon arriving at the place of Action, there was no Signpoſt to be found!

The Landlady declared it out of her power to prepare us any Supper; but proffered to ſupply us with every Article neceſſary to prepare Victuals for ourſelves. Hunger is not ſilenced by Argument; and, being the moſt abſolute Deſpot in exiſtence, it obliged us to undertake the buſineſs of Cooking: And I can now experimentally aſſure you, that Exertion and Perſeverance will often overcome the greatest Difficulties.

After ſupping heartily, we patiently prepared to ſleep; and, rolling ourſelves in the Bedclothes, wet as they were, we ſlept ſweetly: Nor did we awake, until 'jocund Day ſtood tiptoe on the miſty Mountain-top.'

This day rains inceſſantly; and the roads are almoſt impaſſable. It is, therefore, our Intention to take Shelter in the firſt decent Houſe that will admit us.

Ligonier is a very rich Valley, and thickly inhabited. Moſt of the Houſes are tolerably good; but ſuch of the Inhabitants, as came within the circle of my Obſervation, were rather more diſtinguiſhed by their Curioſity, than by Urbanity or Hoſpitality. Perhaps my own uncomfortable Feelings may have exaggerated every unfavorable Appearance in them; for I candidly acknowledge, that my Temper generally paints the Frontiſpiece to every Scene I enter upon: And this ſaucy Limner may have thrown too much ſhade into the Countenance of the Landlady, into whoſe Protection pitying Heaven—who wiſely blends the Cup of human Felicity with a wholeſome degree of the Acid—has conſigned us this evening.

The Storm renders it impoſſible for us to croſs the Cheſnut Ridge; and our Landlady, it ſeems, has conceived an Antipathy to 'Flitters'. She gave Intimation of this, by her contracted Brows and polite Sarcaſms; but, finding that we had too long endured the rage of the Elements without, to ſuffer ourſelves to be greatly incommoded by a Thunderſtorm within, doors—her ready Genius, which I ſuſpect to be of Tartarean origin, inſpired the project of carrying the Fire out of the Room! The Feelings of every one remonſtrated againſt the Inhumanity of the Proceedure; and, for my own part, I really found that my Philoſophy was not a counterpoſe againſt my iraſcible Paſſions. My Brother being abſent, I was under the Neceſſity of taking 'a great Gulp, and ſwallowing it.'

However, reſpectfully following the ſupercilious Dame, I ſubmiſſively requeſted her to order us ſome Wood; but ſhe replied, 'that ſhe would not trouble herſelf, for a pack of

ſaucy Gentry, who would not have taken Shelter there, had the Storm permitted them to croſs the Mountain.' She was not only inexorable, but an entire Stranger to the very outlines of Good-breeding: So, aſſuming an air of Contempt, I once more, very reluctantly indeed, practiſed the Virtue of Reſignation.

My Brother returned in a ſhort time, and procured ſome Wood. The exhilarating Blaze ſoon reſtored the drooping Spirits of our diſconſolate Family.

The Landlord, who had been all day abſent, on his return, ſeemed determined to compenſate for his Lady's Inattention, by devoting all his time and talents to our Amuſement. But it unfortunately happened, that, among the number of his Paſtimes, whiſtling was the moſt conſpicuous and he filled every pauſe in his Converſation with a guſt of that irritating Muſic, to the great annoyance of my ſenſitive Nerves.

Before he retired, I was obliged to confeſs to myſelf, that the moſt inſufferable thing, which diſagreeable People can engage in, is the attempt to be Amuſing; that it requires as able Aſſiſtance, from Nature, to conſtitute a complete Fool, as to form a complete Wit; and that, without ſuch Aſſiſtance, all Attempts, at either, are only too contemptible to be ridiculous.

OCTOBER 24. Weſtmoreland county. This morning is ſnowy, and very cold. I believe we muſt endure ſome of the real Ills of Life; and I am almoſt aſhamed to ſay, we are tolerably unhappy. 'The Spirit of a Man can ſuſtain his Infirmities;' but it frequently happens, that it is ſeverely preſſed under the load: And, at this moment, ours is bowed almoſt to Deſpondency.

We purpoſe to croſs the Cheſnut Ridge, and take ſhelter wherever Providence may prepare a Place for our reception; for our half-periſhed Family cannot long endure the fury of the Storm. At this moment I am ſeated on the top *of the* Ridge, with two Children beſide me; who are crying

:auſe of the Cold. I have wrapped my Cloak about em, and endeavored to ſooth their Anguiſh. You will onder at my Employment and Situation; but my reaſon r not changing them is, that, owing either to the Miſ-anagement of our Driver, or the Drivers of a number of 'agons on the oppoſite ſide of the Mountain, we have met em in ſuch a Situation as to preclude the poſſibility of ſſing, without unloading the Wagons.

With sympathetic Cares opprest,
I on the dreary Mountain rest;
Conflicting Storms of sleet and snow,
Do round my head unpitying blow;
While angry winds, with eager strife,
Congeal the crimson tide of life;
And raw condensing damps impart
Their chilling influence to the heart:
Far off from every social joy,
I heave the deep despairing sigh;
Chide unrelenting Fate severe,
Recall the past, and drop a Tear.

OCTOBER 25. Had not the Storm ſuddenly abated yeſ-day, I believe you would not have been troubled with ıding this Account; for, I am of opinion, we would have iſhed our Pilgrimage, through Life, a few paces from the nmit of the Cheſnut Ridge.

To-day we enjoy the Comforts of a warm Houſe, and :ellent Fare. Here we remain ſtationary,

'Till scowling Storms lead off their vap'ry train,
And genial Phœbus gilds the frozen scene.
Do thou, celestial Muse, my Theme inspire,
And touch my Pen with consecrated fire:
Weary of toils, of pageantry, and show,
And every passing vanity below,
I woo thy genial soul-expanding smile,
Life's complicated Evils to beguile;
Tir'd of the Jest profane, the Drunkard's Song,
And the rude Baccanalian's impious tongue—
Retire with me, unknowing and unknown,
To rear an air-spun Fabric of our own.

The Landlord here is a confirmed Drunkard. His Wife (who ſeems well calculated to perform the Duties of her Station, and who has certainly, ſome years ſince, been very handſome) is the Object upon which he vents the Overflowings of his acrimonious Humor. I fear that, on ſome former occaſion, he has taught her an ill Leſſon againſt himſelf; for, in defiance of that reaſonable Precept which enjoins, unconditionally, Love, Honor, and Obedience, on the part of the Female, ſhe took a Whip and powerfully remonſtrated with him on the Neceſſity of ſometimes reverſing the Laws of Cuſtom. This firſt act of Diſcipline, failing to produce the deſired effect, was ſucceeded by a ſecond, inflicted with a degree of Severity, which I wiſh the gentle Boſom of a Female Beauty may never again ſanction. During this Operation I had the mortification to obſerve, that Modeſty and Power are very jarring Attributes, in the Female Character.

OCTOBER 26. Laſt night was a jovial one. The Landlady had collected a number of perſons to huſk Corn; and, when their Buſineſs was finiſhed, they devoted the night to Dancing, Singing, and other Exerciſes, the names of which my Ear did not communicate; though, in regard to their nature, it was very officious. Unfortunately, the Room immediately under my Bedchamber was the ſcene of this Bacchanal; and I frankly confeſs, that I wiſhed them either leſs happy, or that their Happineſs conſiſted in Enjoyments ſimilar to mine.

The Frolic was continued with great Spirit and Vigor; and the Landlady, her Daughter, and the Maid were the only Competitors for the prize of Agility. The old Gentleman, having outlived his Whipping and its Effects, ſwore and ſhouted in conjunction with his Gueſts. From the Noiſe and Diſcord, which the Ballroom exhibited, we began to fancy ourſelves in the neighborhood of Pandemonium. A young Gentleman, who was alſo weatherbound, ſaid we had there a Reſemblance of the Cuſtoms and Employments of Demons! I acknowledged my Ignorance; but preſumed that Mirth and good Cheer did not predominate among them.

No Pilgrim, in the burning Deſarts of Arabia, ever longed more intenſely for a refreſhing Fountain, than did I, to enjoy tranquil Happineſs, in the ſweet domeſtic Cicle of mutual Friendſhip—A Friendſhip cemented by mutual Eſteem, and refined and endeared by the invigorating Principle of mutual Love.

So blended are my Ideas of Home and Happineſs, that they are in a manner indiſſoluble:

> 'Man may, for Wealth or Glory, roam;
> But Woman must be blest at HOME.'

Or, to borrow the more elegant Language of the judicious THOMPSON:

> 'Home is the resort
> Of Love, of Joy, of Peace, of Friendship; where,
> Supported and supporting, polish'd Friends
> And dear Relations mingle into Bliss.'

OCTOBER 27. Yeſterday, about noon, the Sun began to exert his benign Influence upon the inclement ſkies and frozen earth. Bidding adieu to our unpleaſant Lodging, we joyfully continued our Journey; and arrived at Greenſburg about dark. Yeſterday, being the day of a Public Review, the Town was full of riotous People. We therefore thought it adviſable to paſs onward to a Place of more quietneſs. Experience is certainly a wiſe and very ſucceſsful Teacher; but her Leſſons are generally taught too late, to be of preſent Utility to her Pupils. No ſooner had we arrived at our intended Lodging, than ſhe began her Lecture; and ſoon convinced us, that we had egregiouſly miſtaken, when we counted on enjoying either Repoſe or Retirement there.

I have already told you, it was the day of a general Review. Moſt of the Officers of the Battalions had met at this Place, and were refreſhing themſelves, after the Fatigues of the day, in all the various Exerciſes which the martial Spirit of Man could invent, or a convivial Bottle inſpire. Being all completely equipped, in the various Uniforms of their reſpective Corps, their Appearance was at

once ſolemn, ſplendid, and ludicrous; for every Man, except the Landlord, was intoxicated. This Gentleman, who is of the firſt Character and Reſpectability, aſſured us that, except Noiſe and want of Sleep, we had no other Inconvenience to expect in his Houſe; for, though it might appear paradoxical to aſſert it, every Man under his roof was a Gentleman and Man of Honor—who would ſooner forfeit his Life, than his Pretenſions to theſe ſacred Characters.

They occupied two large Rooms, in Dancing; and they were very expert at this Exerciſe. It was difficult to reconcile the different Senſations which their Dreſs and Employment created; yet, I muſt acknowledge, they were a Company of the moſt active and handſome Men I ever ſaw. Their Joviality increaſed, as the night advanced; and their Spirits, which ſeemed naturally haughty and martial, became extremely irritable.

Being of different political Opinions, Argument ſoon became ardent. The field of Controverſy became too warm to allow Reaſon (who ever ſhuns Contrarieties) to preſide; and her Office fell into the hands of thoſe hot-headed Demagogues, the Paſſions—each of which, diſdaining Subordination, roſe in Arms, and alternately ſeized the reigns of Government. This produced ſuch a medley of Anarchy and Confuſion, that it would require a Pen much abler than mine to deſcribe it.

Thoſe ſtupendous and intricate Affairs, which require the united Wiſdom of the ableſt Stateſmen of our Country, were here developed, diſcuſſed, and bandied from tongue to tongue, with the ſame degree of Judgment and Intelligence which is evinced by the Diſciples of a certain modern political Commentator, in their Attempts to canvaſs the holy Scriptures. Conviction was not the Object in view. Every Man became an Orator; and to obtain Audience was the End moſt deſired. The principal Excellence belonged not to him who ſpoke beſt, but to him who ſpoke loudeſt and moſt; and every Man ſeemed to have the lungs of a Stentor. The more unintelligible they became, the more Vociferation had they recourſe to; until, finding that their Voices pro-

duced no better effect, than if they were ſhouting to a Whirlwind, and that they became not only incomprehenſible, but diſregarded—ſuddenly dropping their Arguments—they ſeized their Swords, and appeared as terrific as MILTON's Devils! And 'Confuſion' became 'worſe confounded.'

We ſat quiet Spectators all night; and there was not a Room in the Houſe unoccupied. When we ſaw the glitter of Swords, and heard the claſhing of them over our heads, we began to entertain ſtrong Apprehenſions for our perſonal Safety. We could not wholly conceal our Fear; and one of the leading Officers, approaching the ſpot where we ſat, begged of us to diſmiſs our Terrors, as he was himſelf from Lancaſter county, and would ſhed the laſt drop of his heart's Blood, to procure a proper Reſpect for every Individual from that place. This gracious Aſſurance did not, however, very much tend to diſſipate our Alarm; until the Gentleman, in a voice which made the Dome re-echo, commanded 'Attention!' His Command, to my utter Aſtoniſhment, was inſtantly obeyed. 'Confuſion heard his Voice, and wild Uproar ſtood rul'd.'

He then delivered a conciſe and very nervous Addreſs to them, on the Indecorum of Fighting in the preſence of Ladies, and the want of Gallantry betrayed in being the Cauſe of raiſing their Terrors. He concluded by reminding them, 'that Intoxication, though excuſable in a Gentleman, under certain Circumſtances, was by no means an Apology for a Breach of the Laws of Good-breeding; and the Reſpect which every Gentleman felt himſelf bound, in Honor and in Duty, to pay to the Female Sex.'

I knew not why it was, that this Officer had ſo much Influence over his Companions; but certain it is, his Commands were as ſtrictly adhered to, and held as inviolate, as the Laws of the Medes and Perſians: And, for his own part, he carried his Politeneſs ſo far as to make Love to a Perſon of our Party; whom he entertained with a Song, which conſiſted of two elegant Lines and a—Hiccough.

The Landlord, by a well-timed piece of Policy, concealed all their Swords; and, in the heat of another Argument, when the Champions wiſhed to ſupport their Cauſe by reſorting to them, they were not to be found. However, a more vulgar mode of convincing Antagoniſts was ſubſtituted—ſome Sculls being too thick for Reaſon to penetrate—and they turned out; boxed in pairs; and returned as peaceable and affectionate as Brothers. This was new to me; nor did I ever behold, at the ſame time, a more ſtriking diſplay of the Dignity and Depravity of fallen Human Nature.

Sometime in the night, the Company diſperſed, and I fell aſleep: Nor did I awake until 8 o'clock in the morning. The Houſe was then clear, and all was ſilent. At length our beautiful Hoſteſs and her two accompliſhed Daughters aroſe, and accommodated us with ſuch Articles as we required. We had a comfortable Breakfaſt; and the Family treated us with the tendereſt Hoſpitality.

This is the Sabbath. We purpoſe only to travel to a place remote from Noiſe, and ſtay there the remainder of the day. We have held a Conſultation on the Legality of travelling to-day; and it has been determined, that the meaſure embraces in itſelf two fundamental Principles, not cognizable by any Law.

October 28. The Gentleman, to whoſe roof we were indebted for Protection laſt night, appears to be a great Politician. He talks profoundly of States and Fleets, Revenues and Standing Armies; and with ſuch pompous Phraſeology, that I was convinced he could be nothing leſs than a Member of Congreſs. In the courſe of Converſation, I reſpectfully inquired, which Branch of Government had the Honor of claiming him as its Member; and, to my Aſtoniſhment, he anſwered, that he had nothing to do with Government, other than inſpect its Meaſures; being only the humble Proprietor of an Inn. I was ſorry to remark, that my Queſtion entirely deranged the Gentleman's Chain of Reaſoning, and even deprived us of the Benefit of his Converſation; for he abruptly left the Room.

Happy, O America! favored Nation! How ſecurely art thou fortified againſt foreign Invaſion and homebred Faction; when even thy Retailers of Gin and Brandy poſſeſs Brains adequate to inſpect, judge of, and determine the moſt intricate Affairs of Government—the very ſound of which has diſordered my intellectual Machine.

There are public Races in Greenſburg; and the Beaux are flocking into Town by dozens. It ſeems ſingular to me, that they are principally in Uniform, and have the air of Gentlemen. I am told that there is a Garriſon at Pittſburg; and this may, in ſome degree, account for the military Appearance which the public Roads exhibits.

This Country abounds with Hills, now covered with the fineſt Wheat; and jocund Plenty ſeems to ſpread her luxuriant train over the whole face of Nature. The generality of the People poſſeſs a kind of inſtinctive Politeneſs, which, were it diveſted of that popular ingredient, Curioſity, would render them quite agreeable, as they are already very intelligent.

October 29. Allegany county. Laſt night we ſlept in a ſmall Village, called M'Kee's Port, ſituated in the point formed by the junction of the Rivers Youghiogany and Monongahela. Although the Country around is laughing with Plenty; yet, in this Village, we could ſcarcely be ſupplied with the Neceſſaries of Life, at any price whatever. I can only account for this Scarcity of Proviſion, by the general Conduct of the Inhabitants; who, I think, appear to employ their Time after the Athenian manner, in the days of St. Paul.

The Rivers Youghiogany and Monongahela are beautiful, and the Country through which they paſs is exceedingly fertile. An air of Wildneſs pervades the Country; but it is the wild Exuberance of overgrown, untamed Nature. The Water of the Monongahela is remarkably clear, and glides along its Channel almoſt imperceptibly; and that of the Youghiogany is ſomewhat green, and rather more rapid. They tenaciouſly preſerve theſe Diſtinctions, as far as I had an opportunity of obſerving them, after their Confluence.

OCTOBER 30. Waſhington county. Laſt night we could find no Inn, at a ſuitable time; and were neceſſitated to aſk Lodging at a private Houſe. This was immediately granted; and we were received with an air of Cordiality that ſurpriſed me. I found that this Kindneſs was the genuine Expreſſion of benevolent Hearts; who made it their Duty and Delight to render unto others as they, in like Circumſtances, would wiſh to receive—a Pleaſure which neither Art nor Apathy has tempted them to forego. But, to my Shame I confeſs it, I was ſo diſpirited with Fatigue, that the Enjoyment of primeval Hoſpitality, and the Proſpect of arriving at home the enſuing day, could afford me no Pleaſure. My Spleen increaſed to ſuch a degree, as to form a kind of impenetrable Gloom around me. Thus encaſed, like the Tortoiſe, every Attempt to draw me from my Fortification ſerved only to increaſe its ſtrength.

Ye Spirits of Cheerfulneſs and Content, deſcend from your celeſtial Abode, and enlighten, ſtrengthen, and warm my heart by your exhilarating Influence: Guard it from the Poiſon of Guilt, and the preſſure of Deſpondency; nor ſuffer it to become abſorbed in the narrow limits of its own pitiful Concerns; which will dry up all the ſympathetic ſluices of the Soul, unfit it for every Duty of Life, render me unamiable and unthankful, and finally make Exiſtence a Curſe.

This County, like Weſtmoreland, is hilly and luxuriant.

> 'Nature here
> Wantons, as in her prime, and plays at will
> Her virgin Fancies;'

and yields her Increaſe almoſt ſpontaneouſly. The Inhabitants appear to be a ſober, rational, and even a courteous People; who prefer Convenience to Parade; and partake thoſe Bleſſings, which bounteous Providence allots them, without Ambition, Envy, or Stupidity: And, from what Obſervations I can make, as I paſs, I preſume that the Goddeſs Contentment has choſen Waſhington county for her *favorite Reſidence*.

There is a Seminary of Learning in the Town of Canſburg, which is in great Repute; and this being the time a Commencement, the Streets are crouded, and all is Life d Activity. This ſpot, a few years ago, was the unhalved Haunt of Savages; the Scene of Deſolation, Blood:d, and Horror!

Now, where fierce Monsters rent their trembling prey,
And yelling Savages, more fierce than they,
With blazing Victims dimn'd the dazzling Noon,
And midnight carnage shock'd the trembling Moon;
Where Indian arrows drank the vital breath,
And mangled Captives invocated Death;
Where the fell Tomahawk, and Scalping-knife,
Dispatch'd the tender Husband and the Wife;
Where shudd'ring Parents, agonizing stood,
Besmear'd with their own Offspring's brains and blood;
For Rites accurs'd th' unhallow'd Altar pil'd,
On which their unsuspecting Infants smil'd;
Tortur'd, beheld 'in all the Death of Woe,'
This impious Off'ring to the Shades below!
Where purple Chiefs rejoic'd in Feasts of Blood,
Strangers to Natures's Ties, and Nature's God——
Now the bright Son's kind healing wing's expand,
And holy Temples consecrated stand;
Now shines the glorious Gospel from above,
And all is Peace, and Harmony, and Love.

This is a thickly ſettled Country, in which there are many urches erected; Seminaries of Education founded, and all Arts of Civilzation introduced. Luxury, and its conitant Diſeaſes, are almoſt unknown here. Health, Peace, l Plenty lead in, and accompany the hours; which ſeem ncipally devoted to the ſimple Enjoyments of artleſs Innoce. Few are immenſely rich: None are miſerably poor. s a popular Maxim here, that Principles, not Talents or tune, ſettle the ſcale of Reſpectablity.

Two things are particularly unfavorable to this Country. principal Trade being to Neworleans, the great Diſtance gether with the Influence of thoſe Southern Climes on rthern Conſtitutions) renders a Voyage thither arduous, *arious, and expenſive.* The other Difficulty ariſes from *Failure of the* Weſtern Waters in the Fall Seaſon. At

this time, the largeſt Creeks are but ſtanding Shallows; and no Mill can grind the ſmalleſt quantity of Grain. To remedy this Inconvenience, the People have ſubſtituted a kind of Mills, turned by Horſes; which are of great Utility, and make Flour little inferior to that ground by Water.

OCTOBER 31. Not being able to reach home yeſterday, as was intended, we were once more obliged to ſolicit Lodging from a private Gentleman. My Spirits are ſunk ſo low, that I may be ſaid to exiſt, rather than live. The ſweet Proſpect of arriving at home to-day, can ſcarcely exhilarate the ſlowly-creeping Tide that languiſhes in my Veins, or give it a ſufficient Elaſticity to enable me to make the neceſſary Exertions for obtaining this deſirable end.

I will ſit down and moralize myſelf into Temper; as I believe no Temper to be ſo refractory as not to be perfectly mollified; provided the means adapted for that purpoſe be judiciouſly ſelected.

How do both Nature and Experience aſſiſt Revelation in demonſtrating the Immortality of the Soul, by ever placing our principal Happineſs in the Proſpect of ſome future Enjoyment—which we, like minor Heirs, ſubſiſt upon by Anticipation! How then ſhould we admire the Wiſdom of our heavenly Father, in barely granting what is ſufficient for our preſent Demands—that we may duly appreciate that Inheritance which will indubitably be ours, if we ſquander it not away by a moſt criminal Prodigality.

We took a wrong direction, and rambled ſix miles out of our way: But, as I have already ſufficiently fatigued you with a long Story, I ſhall take a Seat on the trunk of a tree—while the Men are cutting a Road to the Houſe—and endeavor to deſcribe the ſpot, of which I am now to conſider myſelf an Inhabitant.

Great Nature, in her loose array,
  Derives from Art no foreign aid;
The lofty Oak, the ſpreading Bay,
  With ſhade ſtill deep'ning into ſhade!

The Moss, the Ivy, and the Vine
Increase the awful gloom profound;
Whilst Hills and lonely Wilds combine
To shed fantastic Terrors round!

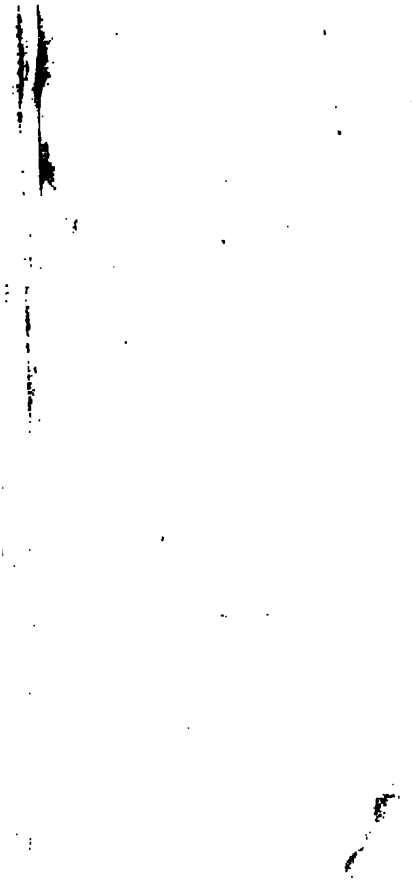
We have had no Dinner to-day; and our ſtock of Pleaſure is not augmented by anticipations with regard to Supper: For, I aſſure you, we do not find the Weſtern Air more nutrimental than that we formerly breathed in Donegal; and, though we enjoy a plentiful ſhare of this wholeſome Element—for our Cottage has neither Window-glaſs, Plaiſter, nor Roof—I never felt a better Appetite for a ſolid Supper in my Life.

I find, Madam, that, in our purſuit of Happineſs, we too often miſtake the Shadow for the Subſtance; and are ſhamefully miſled by the ſame reſtleſs Curioſity which, I believe, aided the Deception practiſed upon our credulous Mother Eve; and which ſtill continues to prey upon human Bliſs: Nor is it until after we have received ſome ſevere Lectures, in the School of Experience, that we are brought to acknowledge this great Truth, that, beneath the Sun, 'all is Vanity.'

I have the Honor to ſubſcribe myſelf,
Madam, your moſt obedient,
faithful, and very humble Servant.

SALLY HASTINGS.

THE END.



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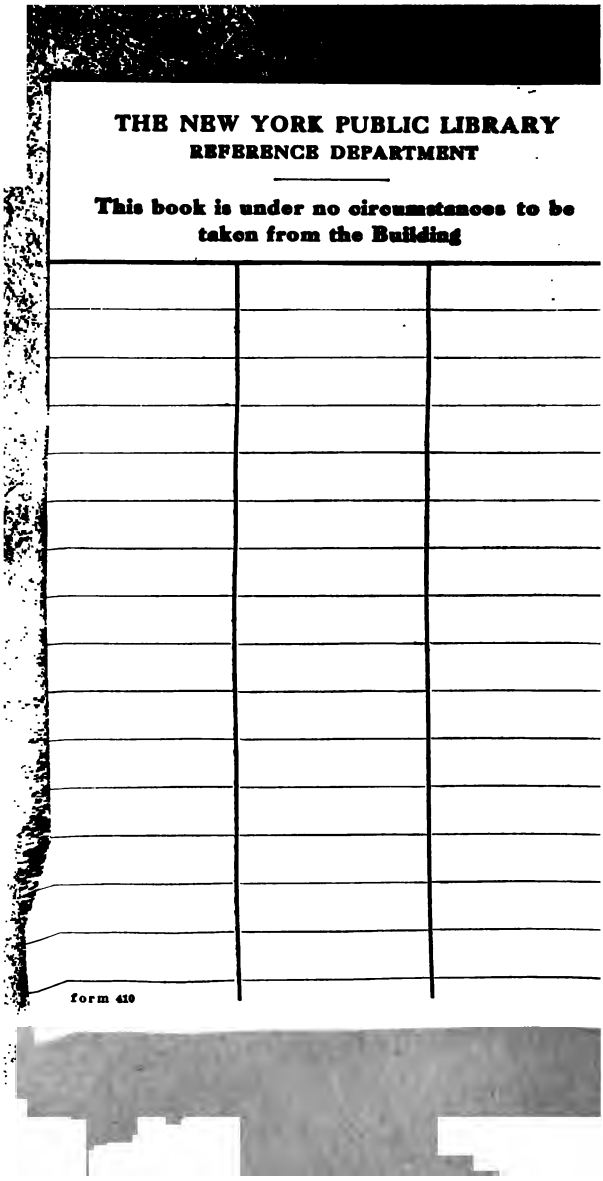
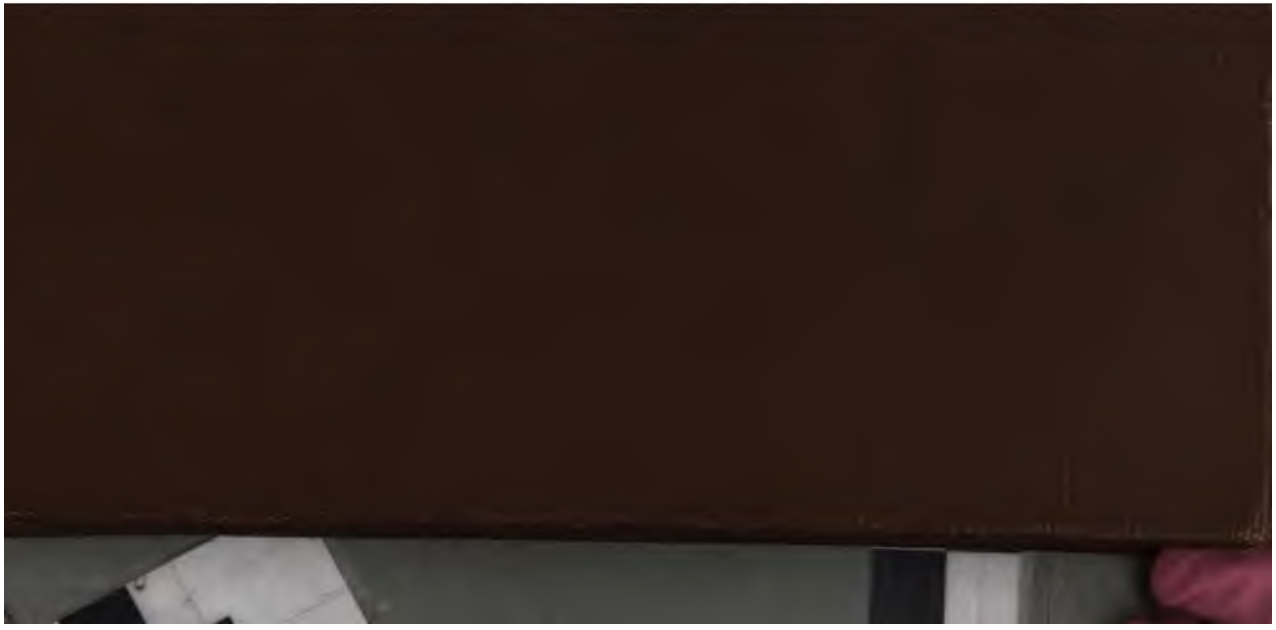
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